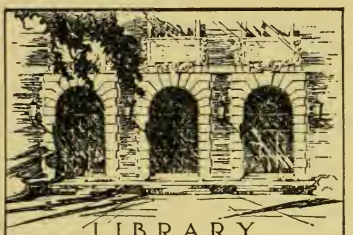

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THE

FOUNDLING OF GLENTHORN.

A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

THE

FOUNDLING OF GLENTHORN;

OR,

THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

A Novel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FARMER'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors:
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends. ADDISON.

VOL. IV.

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THE

FOUNDLING OF GLENTHORN.

CHAPTER I.

A thousand acts in every age will prove,
Women are valiant in a cause they love;
If fate the favour'd swain in danger place,
They heed not dangers—perils they embrace;
They dare the world's contempt, they brave their name's disgrace:
They on the ocean meet its wild alarms;
They search the dungeon with extended arms;
The utmost trial of their faith they prove,
And yield the lover to assert their love. CRABBE.

Old Friends meet, and a surprising Discovery.

AFTER the battle of Guildford, considerable distress continued to prevail in the British army from the want of pro-

visions, as the country around them was exhausted. Lord Cornwallis found himself in want, not only of comforts, but even of necessaries, for his sick and wounded, as also of shoes and stockings for many of the troops; he therefore moved to Wilmington. There finding that any effective operation was impracticable, he resolved upon marching through North Carolina to Virginia, which, from the heat of the season, and the number of invalids in his army, was performed very slowly.

During the march, some of the soldiers endeavoured to evade the vigilance of the night sentinels, stealing abroad into the villages and small towns, committing horrible excesses, and indulging in every species of licentiousness. One night a party of this description had reached a village some miles distant, when a peasant, who saw them enter, and aware of what would follow, made his way to the outposts of the army, reported what he had seen, claimed the protection to which unarmed and inoffensive inhabitants were entitled,

and praying that a party, headed by a proper officer, might be dispatched for the security of the village. As the number of the marauders was represented to be small, lieutenant Sinclair, at the head of twenty men, was sent off; but upon their arrival it was found, that a second party had entered the village for the same illicit purpose, who having joined the first, formed together a body of about forty in number. They had already carried their proceedings to an extreme of wanton cruelty, several houses being on fire, while the helpless inhabitants were treated with the most barbarous indignities. Most of the miscreants were in a state of intoxication; but lieutenant Sinclair, always recollecting that they were part of their own army, was unwilling to proceed to extremities, while they could possibly be avoided. He entered a house from whence dreadful shrieks were issuing, and there beheld five or six of the soldiers, among whom was a serjeant: a father and son lay upon the

floor, both wounded in defence of the females, who were at this moment in the hands of the brutal ruffians, screaming in the agony of despair. The lieutenant raised his sword, and in a tone of authority commanded them to desist. The intoxicated serjeant, thus interrupted at the moment when about to perpetrate an act of the most abandoned and diabolical cruelty, turning round, drew his sword, and rushing forward, was just about to cut down the lieutenant, when a soldier behind, seeing no other means of arresting the uplifted arm, received the hapless serjeant on the point of his bayonet, who fell dead upon the spot, and his companions immediately laid down their arms.

The approach of Sinclair's party was soon known in the village, and the greater part of the aggressors making their escape, secretly regained the army, and thus evaded detection.

The lieutenant caused a grave to be dug, in which he saw the ill-fated serjeant buried before his departure, on which occa-

sion all the inhabitants of the village thronged around him, offering their grateful thanks for the protection which he had afforded them.

Upon joining the army, he delivered up his prisoners, and reported the death of the serjeant; the soldier who killed him being also put under arrest, till an investigation of the circumstances should take place. As he belonged to colonel Melville's regiment, the colonel caused him to be brought before him for examination. He was a stout, manly-looking fellow, and appeared with a sedate and steady countenance, of which some features struck the colonel as being familiar to his recollection.—"What is your name?" inquired the colonel.

"Donald M'Leod," replied the soldier.

"I have an impression upon my mind that I have seen you in a different dress from that of a soldier; but I must be mistaken."

"Perhaps not, sir."

"Did you ever see me before you entered the regiment?"

"I believe I have, sir."

"Where?"

"In Lochaber, Glen Nevis."

"Oh, my trusty Highland guide! I now recollect you most perfectly. Do you remember the gentleman who then accompanied me?"

"Quite well."

"Are you aware that he is now in the regiment?"

"To be sure I am; he is my captain."

"Does he know you?"

"I think not."

"Well, I find you are still a brave fellow; you must however be tried by a court martial; but if the circumstances are as represented, you need not be under any apprehensions about the result."

"I have no pleasure in the death of any man, not even of an enemy, far less in that of one whom I may term a comrade, and I regret that he should have fallen by

my hand, or in so shameful a cause; however, I am quite satisfied that I did my duty, and am prepared to abide the consequences;" and he left the colonel's presence with dignified composure.

When the trial took place, it was most satisfactorily proved by all of the party who were present, that no one had it in his power, from his position, to save lieutenant Sinclair, except M'Leod, who stood foremost; and even he could not effect this by any other means, as the serjeant's sword was descending before he was arrested by the bayonet; and as the lieutenant was not aware of the murderous act, he was unprepared for the sudden assault, and could not, either by courage or skill, have averted the blow.

M'Leod was honourably acquitted, his conduct in the affair receiving the approbation of the court; and he was soon after promoted to the rank of serjeant.

Lord Cornwallis now resolved upon crossing James River, and posting his army in York Town; but his intentions

being discovered by the enemy, he was opposed by La Fayette, and a sharp action took place—the American army crossing a large and deep morass, to obstruct the progress of the royalists, who, after a severe conflict, succeeded in driving them again across the morass, and their total defeat, or even their capture, was only prevented by the approach of night, which rendered further pursuit imprudent.

Just at the close of the action, captain Melville, and a few steady adherents, had pushed forward, pressing hard upon the retreating enemy, when an American officer, hoping to encourage his flying troop, faced about just opposite to Charles, and had his sword raised to cut him down, when Brown, who was so near that he could not wield his bayonet, threw himself before his captain, and received the stroke intended for our hero on his left shoulder. The rest of the small party soon closed the mortal career of the provincial officer, whose men continued their retreat. Brown, although severely wounded, con-

tinued to stand for some time, but now sunk at the feet of his captain, who was endeavouring to support him, deeply impressed, not only with humanity, but with gratitude; for he was convinced that the poor fellow had saved his life, and that most probably at the expence of his own. Attempting to raise the wounded man, Brown, in a faint voice, said—"Let me alone—let me die here!"

Charles, kneeling, endeavoured to raise his head, when the wounded soldier looked steadily in his face, while a smile of joy seemed to play upon his lips. He was bleeding profusely, and Charles requested that he would allow himself to be carried to the rear, to a surgeon.—"Oh, no, no!" repeated he, with energetic quickness—"oh let me die here!"

"My dear fellow, you have saved my life, and I cannot permit you to perish!" cried Charles.

"Oh, I hope and wish to die! but—can you stop—can you speak a few words in private?" said Brown, whispering.

Charles motioned to the men to withdraw.—"Now we are alone," said our hero.

A deep blush took the place of the sickly paleness which had overspread the wounded man's countenance; and looking wistfully in his captain's face, he said—"This is to me the happiest moment of my life, and I now wish to die!"

"Oh, no! you must not—shall not die!" exclaimed Charles.

"Yes, I wish—I must die. I have saved your life, and that is enough: I have only one dying request to make—hear and promise—and let me die happy!"

"Oh, I will do whatever you wish; but talk not of dying!"

"Heaven has heard my prayers!" said Brown. "It has enabled me to save you to Emma! Oh may you be blessed together! May she ever love you, with love strong and pure as mine. My spirit shall hover near you, and your beloved Emma—rejoicing in your felicity. You saved my life—and oh! dear Charles, as you

once saved my honour, be now—be still the guardian angel of my fame: let not my sex be known; and the name of Susan Tait, let it perish for ever; and, oh! if possible, bless my last moments with ——" but here the hapless heroine fainted in his arms.

To describe what captain Melville thought and felt upon this extraordinary discovery, would be impossible; gratitude and admiration were perhaps the predominant feelings. Her fainting head still leaned upon his breast, and if his lips pressed the pale cheek of the heroic sufferer, and if he left it wet with Pity's softest tear, even although the lovely and gentle Emma had witnessed it, she would have said—"One tear may drop and be forgiven!"

Never, perhaps, had Charles felt distress, or rather distraction of mind, equal to what he now endured. Anxiety to preserve, not only the life, but the fair fame, of one who had for his sake evinced such ardent, such romantic affection, which it

was evident she herself had no hope of being ever returned; the necessity for a secrecy and delicacy, which, from the situation, appeared impossible; add to all these thoughts, the conviction that his official duty required that he should be gone, and some idea may be formed of his perplexity. The preserver of his life still lay inanimate, supported in his arms, and he felt it impossible to depart without degrading himself into a monster.

In this tumult of the soul, this paroxysm of contending feelings, it most fortunately happened, that colonel Melville was passing at a very little distance, the pursuit being now relinquished. Charles, in his confusion, looking around, although he knew not for whom, or what, saw his friend; and resolved not for a moment to leave his charge till unavoidable, he caused a soldier to request colonel Melville to favour him with an interview. The colonel came immediately, saying—" Who is this for whom you are so deeply interested?"

Charles, with much agitation and some confusion, related the extraordinary story, with the request made by the heroine.

Colonel Melville was much surprised, and said—" I had discovered that there was a mystery in the soldier's history: but this is no time for talking—we must act. Whether she live or die, I hope it is your wish to preserve her secret?"

" Most undoubtedly," replied Charles.

" Well then, let us act towards her with that respect which so uncommon an attachment demands. I observe she is recovering from her fainting; let her be carried to my tent; I can rely upon the secrecy of my surgeon, and will contrive to manage the matter. Were we in York Town, as I hope we shall soon be, the difficulty of concealment would be over. Get her removed, and do you attend the litter, to prevent discovery."

By the attention of the surgeon she was soon restored to her senses, and her wound, although severe, pronounced not dangerous, which she seemed much to re-

gret, saying, that she wished to die. However, Charles and the surgeon, who were the only persons present, said every thing possible to reconcile her to life, and sooth the agitation of her mind, assuring her that the secret of her sex was known only to them and colonel Merville, and that she might, with the utmost confidence, rely upon its being inviolably preserved. A female dress was immediately provided for her, along with a nurse brought from another regiment, who knew her only as a woman. John Brown's name was reported among the missing, but supposed to be killed, and thus every suspicion was at rest.

When they reached York Town, this heroine was placed in private and respectable lodgings, as the widow of an officer, who had fallen in a previous engagement, and her wound was accounted for by attributing it to an accident. Her landlady was also a widow, whose husband had been a Quaker, and she continued her connexion with that body, practising all the

meekness and benevolence, by the exercise of which the members are so justly distinguished by the appellation of Friends.

This amiable and humane Dorcas found her principal enjoyment in relieving the wants and alleviating the misery of the poor around her; and her kindness was not like that of too many, confined to those within the pale of her own profession: to be in distress was a sufficient recommendation to her charity and benevolence, in the exercise of which, she endeavoured to imitate the bountiful Parent of all nature, who "giveth liberally, and upbraideth not." The poor emaciated negro, whose strength and sinews had been worn out in the service of a rigorous master, and who now pining under the pressure of age and want, received as a boon the scanty pittance legally wrung from that wealth earned by his painful labours; and who, to all his other sufferings, was doomed to feel the misery of that situation, where—"strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;" he often raised his sable hands

to heaven, invoking blessings on the compassionate widow, whose stores supplied a warmer covering to his withered limbs, and a more palatable meal to his decayed and sickly appetite. Under this hospitable roof, with the unremitted attentions of a skilful surgeon, careful nurse, and last, although perhaps not least in value, the gentle and soothing consolations of her amiable landlady, Susan was soon pronounced out of danger.

Colonel Melville and Charles prudently conceived that their visits would for some time be "more honoured in the breach than the observance," as they would only tend to keep up the agitation of her mind, which they wished to be as calm as possible.

The company and conversation of Martha Walsingham, her affectionate landlady, progressively reconciled her to that life, the termination of which she had contemplated with such satisfaction. The greatest uneasiness that she now felt, was the deception which she was obliged to

keep up, in passing under a character to which she had no claim, and she felt this still more deeply, from the contrasted guileless simplicity of her gentle friend; but Martha Walsingham knew the human heart, and was careful never to touch a chord, the vibration of which had a tendency to irritate the wounds which she was solicitous to heal; hence, Susan's mind was never teased with impertinent questions concerning the past. The mild virtue of patience, and the consoling balm of hope, were the lenitives with which Martha endeavoured to sooth the mind, and allay the sorrows of her guest; and Susan often fancied herself at Glenthorn, blessed with the company of Ellen Wallace, whose benevolence was such as she now experienced, and whose ardent and impetuous feelings would have resembled those of the gentle widow, had they been chastened into system by self-control, and kept in subordination by a perfect command of the passions.

We have already seen that Susan's heart

was guileless, and her mind unspotted; her life, till the time of leaving Glenthorn, might have been held up as a model and example for imitation. The extraordinary step which she then took, was such a deviation from prudence, from propriety, and from the delicacy of her sex, as requires us to seek an apology, for it will not admit of justification. Perhaps it may not be difficult to trace this degradation of female delicacy, and all that is most lovely in her sex, to the excess of feelings and passions, which if kept in proper subordination, would have constituted her brightest ornament, and which, wherever they are found, do honour to human nature.

Captain Melville had saved her life at the imminent hazard of his own; he had also, upon a subsequent occasion, proved her deliverer from danger, which she dreaded more than death: this had also exposed his life to the attacks of a ruffian, and his timely interference had produced much personal inconvenience to himself:

it was quite in the nature of things, that the gratitude of a warm and susceptible heart should grow in proportion; and if we reflect that Charles Melville was then a fine young fellow, about her own age, with no great disparity of rank, he being only the *protégé* of a country farmer, it will not be reckoned wonderful, if that gratitude insensibly kindled into a softer passion, which the partiality which Charles shewed to her at the wedding would still further encourage, till it ripened into a flame, which laughs at wisdom, and spurns the control of reason. It must be admitted, that before becoming a soldier, she was fully aware of his attachment to Emma; and she followed him, not in the hope of her passion being returned, but solely with the romantic enthusiasm of devoting her life to her deliverer. This was a departure from every principle of prudence—a hallucination of the mind, for which we have endeavoured to account, but would not be so far misunder-

stood, as to have it supposed that it has our approbation.

When perfectly recovered, colonel and captain Melville urged her return to Britain, in a vessel where there were several passengers of her own sex. This she at first opposed; but the reasoning of her friends at last prevailed; and they having anticipated her dislike to Glenthorn, the colonel furnished her with a proper introduction to a friend in London, who, he assured her, might be relied on for protection, having obtained her solemn promise to take no step, without the knowledge and consent of this friend. Having provided what was necessary for her comfort during the voyage, the gentlemen expressed their hope of again meeting her; and assuring her of their lasting friendship, they saw her safely on board, her mind labouring with emotions, which she could not command fortitude to suppress or disguise.

CHAPTER II.

Eventful day! how hast thou changed my state!
Once on the cold and winter shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil:
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.

HOME.

More Wonders.

CAPTAIN Melville's convalescence had not been confirmed at the time of the action at crossing James River; the fatigue he had there undergone, and the sudden impulse that his feelings had received, combining with the heat of the season, produced a degree of feverishness and debility of frame, which it was feared might, if not checked, have a dangerous tendency; it was therefore strongly recommended by the physician that he should remove from

the centre of the town, to a situation where he would have a purer and more salubrious air; he therefore took lodgings in the vicinity of the town, upon a gentle slope, open to the river, and surrounded with delightful gardens. His landlord was a respectable gentleman, who had been prevailed upon by colonel Melville to grant this accommodation to his friend, and Charles felt the society of his landlord and family very agreeable in his present sequestered situation.

The greatest privation that our hero now experienced, was in the want of a faithful and attentive servant, and this still served to keep up the agitation of his mind, by the recollection of how tenderly he had been attended in his last illness, with which the strange events that followed, never failed to associate themselves; it also kept alive his anxiety concerning the fate of Dan, to whom he was so justly attached.

It will be recollected, that Dan was among those missing after the battle of

Guildford, and no account had been received of him since. He was then made a prisoner, at which he repined day and night; not so much upon his own account, as that of his master, about whom his anxiety was most unremitting; but no news concerning the armies was permitted to reach the place of his confinement. He had made several attempts at escape, all of which proving abortive, he began to sink into listless despondency.

His health became impaired, and at last he fell sick. His jailor, not one professionally, but rendered so by the situation of public affairs, was a humane man. Dan's gentle disposition and regularity of conduct, so different from that of soldiers in general, had won so far upon his esteem, that he sympathized with him in his distress; and after some deliberation told him, that if he would give his word of honour not to break his parole, he would treat him as a gentleman, by releasing him from confinement, at least till his health was re-established. Dan gave the pledge—was

emancipated, and, in some degree, admitted as a domestic in the family. His sickness had been merely the effect of confinement and melancholy; he therefore soon recovered, by enjoying the fresh air, and also participating in many little kindnesses from the humanity of his jailor's wife and daughter. Averse from idleness, having a love for exercise, and also a wish to make himself in some degree useful, where he was meeting so much kindness, Dan employed himself in the garden, and soon began to work with the constancy of a servant. Confidence in his honour was now confirmed, and he was permitted to go in and out, and regulate his movements at his own discretion: so much was done to make him comfortable, that had he thought only of himself, he might have forgotten that he was a prisoner; the daughter, in particular, availed herself of every opportunity of shewing that she considered him as a member of the family.

One day she entered the garden while Dan was at work, entered into conversa-

tion, inquired about his country, and soon began to draw a parallel very much in favour of America, concluding by an inquiry at Dan, whether he would not feel happier to settle there for life?

Dan satisfied himself with replying in generals. He still felt that attachment to his native country, which made him look to the time when he should return thither, as adding materially to his happiness; besides, he had sworn fidelity to the king of Great Britain, and he would neither injure his conscience, nor disgrace his coat, by deserting the cause in which he was engaged.

Next day the damsel again visited the garden, and after some introductory conversation, addressed Dan thus—" I have been musing upon the conversation we had yesterday, and must own that it has added to my esteem for you; love of one's country and friends shews a good heart, and a regard to an oath evinces sound principles, and for both these I regard you;

but you are a prisoner, and can have no hope of seeing your country, and as little of being useful to it as a soldier."

"When I am exchanged I can fight again, and I will see dear Scotland when the war is finished," replied Dan.

"But is it not more probable that you shall be killed, or sent home a cripple, without the ability of working or walking?"

"My life and limbs are in the hand of Providence."

"True; but Providence requires us to take prudent care of them. Now suppose, that by stopping in America, you were to get a wife, agreeable in her person, and who sincerely loved you, with a fortune sufficient to stock a good farm, would not that be better than being a soldier, even if you were at liberty, of which, I am sorry to say, you have no prospect?"

"Ye've supposed mair good fortune than maist fowk meet wi'; but even fortune, I trust, wadna seduce me frae my duty."

"It cannot be departing from your duty to promote your own happiness. Your own modesty, and the peculiarities of our situation, oblige me to speak plainly—in a word then, I—I love you—I have a fortune of a thousand dollars at my own disposal; I will manage your escape, and accompany you to the interior of the country, where we can take a farm and live happily."

"I have resolved not to settle in America."

"Well, I will go to Britain with you, as soon as the war is over."

"Would you ha'e me to cheat your father, who has trusted me, an' prove mysel' a villain by stealin' awa' his dochter?"

"He cannot be far cheated when she gets a good husband, which I am sure you will prove. I am his only child—he will forgive us both."

"Do not be angry, but I canna quit the army; my friend an' master, captain Melville's there, an' I wadna desert him,

no for general Washington's dochter, wi' baith the Carolinas for her tocher good."

"Well, I must take you upon your own terms—I will be a soldier's wife—the war cannot last for ever; when peace comes, our home shall be America or Scotland as you choose."

Dan was nonplused, and even considerably affected, for the girl had always appeared prudent, without the slightest symptom of levity in her conduct; he had therefore reason to believe that her attachment to him, more than any want of principle, had induced her to make this proposal; and after a considerable pause, he, with much hesitation, said—"I canna enough thank you for your good opinion o' me, whilk is far better than I deserve; but indeed I canna wrang your father."

"Well then, if you are determined upon being so honourable, there is only another way—ask his consent; if you will not, I shall."

Dan was now driven to his last shift, and with much emotion he said—"In-

deed, Fanny, I canna marry; an' I wad die before I wad deceive you; I'm wae to say it's mair than likely I'll die a bachelor; but an' there be ane aboon the yird wham I'll marry, it's a dear Scots lassie; an' I'm sorry to make sae poor a return for your kindness; but tho' I shou'd perish in a prison, I'll never be the rascal to cheat you, or slight her wham, I fear, I'll never mair see!"

The poor fellow's voice was half stifled with emotion, and the tears were coursing down his cheeks. The girl was convinced of the truth of what he said, and she also became visibly affected. Taking his hand, she pressed it warmly, saying—"I must see you again!" and she withdrew.

Her father and mother observed her abstraction during the day, and also noticed that Dan wanted that easiness of manner which he generally exhibited. The daughter was watched, and next day, just as she had approached the spot where Dan was at work in the garden, she was called back by her father.

Although no notice was taken to Dan, yet he felt that the parents conducted themselves towards him with more reserve than usual.

Next morning the mother and daughter departed on a journey, and in a few days after, Dan, with other three prisoners, were marched to a town about twenty miles distant, no reason being assigned for this change, and the ladies not having returned when he departed. In his new abode, Dan and his companions were put in close confinement; to him the sudden change was peculiarly disagreeable, as he had no doubt it was produced by the suspicions of his last jailor concerning his daughter.—" And this," said he to himself, " is the reward of sincerity; however, there's yet this comfort, I did my duty."

A brigade of the American army passing through the town where Dan lay, were quartered there for the night. The prison where Dan was lodged fronted the street; and in the afternoon, listening to the conversation of two soldiers, he heard

one of them mention captain Wright. A ray of hope shot through his frame, and he determined upon making an effort to obtain his deliverance. Procuring materials, after some deliberate study, he wrote the following card :—

"A British soger, a prisoner, who has eaten and drucken, and gotten a hearty welcome at captain Wright's father's fireside, in the company of his black-eyed sister and his brother the lavetenant, begs earnestly to see him for a moment. If he cannot come, and would have the goodness to send the prisoner word if he knows any thing about captain Melville, it would much oblige.

"Pos. Captain Wright's father's is about six miles north-west from Philadelphia."

This card Dan procured a negro to carry, with a promise to find captain Wright, and deliver it into his own hand,

and the sable messenger most faithfully fulfilled his engagement.

The name of captain Melville operated like a spell upon the American officer, who, in a few minutes after receiving the card, waited upon the prisoner, Dan being at the moment deeply employed in conning over such an address as was most likely to effect his purpose. When the officer entered, he inquired—" Did any one here wish to see or speak with captain Wright?"

Dan started, stared, and rubbed his eyes, and making a salute, said—" Od, sir, I'm fairly bewildered! whether is it yoursel' or your brother that I see? an' you be the captain, you're the likest to the lavetenant that ever I saw in my life!"

" Oh, my old acquaintance Dan! I find you still know me!"

" Ay, an' I'm glad at my heart that you ken me; but *they gang far about wha never meets.*"

" Very true, Dan; but how came you here?"

"Ow', sir, it was at the brulzie we had at Gillfoord, i' the spring: I had been doin' my best wi' the beganet, an' was just ettlin a push at a chap, whan the cowardly fellow startit aside, an' I was comin' forward wi' sic bir, that my heels coupit o'er my head, an' afore I could get to my feet again, I was in the glede's grips, an' have been aye sinsyne."

"Well, have you any bad usage to complain of? Can I be of any service to you? a few dollars may be of use."

Dan's countenance exhibited signs of disappointment; but after a pause, he said—"Od, sir, I was just thinkin' that it mith a been in your power to set me free, an' lat me hame to my master again: or if ye canna do that yoursel', you've maybe as muckle moyen. I'm sure he'll send ye back ane o' your ain fowk for me; an' ye'll be obleegin' a friend; an' ye ken, sir, that *the king's errand may ly in the cadger's road.*"

"Do you know where captain Melville is just now?"

"Troth, sir, I'm no that clear about it; but the regiment was wi' Cornwallis, an' I think may be wi' him still."

"Well, if you choose to become my prisoner, I am upon the way to join general Washington, and when I reach the army, my influence may obtain your release."

"Your prisoner! I wad be that for seven year an' a day, if there were nae ither way o' joining captain Melville, although aiblins I wad like to see him sooner; an' I'll march wi' you to Johnny Groat's House, to meet him at the end o' my journey!"

"Very well, Dan, we start next morning: be ready."

"Od, sir, I'm ready whan you like; for I'm like the dogs—I've only to rise, shak' my lugs, an' rin."

Dan accompanied the party till they joined Washington's army, now on its march to besiege York Town. Captain Wright represented the matter in such a way, that Dan was released, and furnished with a passport for his safety; he was also

the bearer of a polite letter from lieutenant, now captain, Wright to captain Melville, who felt himself highly obliged by the exchange of his servant, for one of equal rank. Not more tender and affectionate was the meeting between Ulysses and his faithful herdsman, than that of captain Melville and his devoted servant, who cried with joy; his affection brought tears into the eyes of his master, which were more highly prized by Dan than the richest gems that ever graced an eastern monarch's brow. Many were his inquiries concerning his beloved master's health and happiness. His next were for colonel Melville, and latterly for John Brown. When informed that he was killed, the poor fellow was deeply moved, and exclaimed—" Weel, that's ae good man gane to his reward; but, alas! I've now nae companion. Except the death of ane, wham it's needless to name, there's no a death that's gane sae near my heart sin' I was a soger! John Brown was a douce, religious, kind-hearted lad, wi' the meek-

ness of a lamb, an' the courage of a lion. Oh—oh! I've still a friend; but I've nae langer a companion! A' that are dear to me slip awa' ane by ane, an' I'll be left some day, like the auld withered tree that stands alane upon the green know o' Glenthorn, wi' no ane near to skair the wind frae't."

"I hope not, Dan," said his master; "I trust to meet good fortune yet, and you have a right to share it with me."

"I thank you, sir, I ken your heart!" cried Dan; and unable to say more, turned hastily away.

Charles was in the constant practice of walking in the cool of the morning, and enjoying the salubrity imparted to the air by the variety of flowering shrubs and aromatic herbs, with which the hedgerows and meadows abounded.

One morning, in the course of his walk, he met an elderly gentleman of commanding appearance, and, as Charles conceived, of a most interesting countenance. They passed each other, and our hero, from the

impulse of the moment, turning round to look at the stranger, found him committing a similar solecism in good breeding. Next morning they met near the same spot, and with something of apparent reciprocal confusion, exchanged compliments, and pursued their respective routes. Charles had viewed the stranger attentively as he approached, and found something which his fancy represented as uncommonly prepossessing in his features; his age appeared to be from forty-five to fifty, his stature was tall, his gait erect and dignified, and his *tout ensemble* made such an impression upon the mind of our hero, that he often occurred to his recollection during the day.

On the following morning, captain Melville resumed his usual walk, expecting and even wishing to meet the stranger, although unable to assign any reason to himself for this inclination. Walking forward at his customary slow pace, he was soon overtaken by the stranger, who now entered into conversation with much ease. He seemed intelligent, and had the happy

art of rendering a trivial subject interesting, from the manner in which it was treated. As both had mentioned that their walk was merely for air and exercise, they returned together, each appearing much pleased with the other. The stranger accompanied captain Melville to the gate which entered to his lodgings, and politely bidding him "good morning," passed on. For other three mornings they met, and now considering themselves no longer strangers, began to talk on subjects of importance, Charles highly delighted with the information exhibited by his companion, who was not less pleased with the good taste and modesty evinced by our hero.

One afternoon, as Charles, accompanied by his landlord, was walking in the pleasure-ground attached to his lodgings, and which was separated from the road only by a slight railing, the stranger happened to pass, and made his bow of recognizance. The curiosity of Charles was increased, rather than abated, and he immediately in-

quired of his landlord, whether he knew the gentleman who had just passed?

"To be sure I do," said he; "every one knows Mr. Graham."

Charles gave a sudden and involuntary start, at the sound of a name which called up disagreeable recollections, which his companion observing, inquired the cause. Charles replied, that the name was associated in his mind with painful feelings—"For," said he, "I once had an acquaintance of the name, who I believed was my friend; I gave him my confidence, and he deceived me."

"This is a strange coincidence," replied the landlord. "Mr. Graham has been inquiring at me concerning you; and when I mentioned your name, he seemed to shudder, saying, it was one he never wished to hear; but declaring at the same time, that he had a strong wish to be better acquainted with you; and I beg to assure you, captain, that if there is a good and respectable man in Virginia, Mr. Graham merits both appellations."

Charles replied, that although unable to give any satisfactory reason for it, he felt a similar wish to be of Mr. Graham's acquaintance.

"Well," said the landlord, "Mr. Graham and I are intimate friends; as your wishes and his appear to be mutual, I will invite him to dine here to-morrow, and I think you will like each other, notwithstanding the antipathy which each feels to the other's name."

Charles could scarcely think of any thing else than the purposed meeting with this stranger; and when the hour came, he felt a sensation which he could not define. There were two or three more gentlemen of the party: the conversation was cheerful and rational; but Mr. Graham, who was seated opposite to Charles, attached himself peculiarly to him. The sitting was prolonged to a late hour; still they seemed reluctant to part; and when the company broke up, each felt that the other had risen in his estimation.

Next morning they met in their walk,

which they continued together: Mr. Graham invited Charles to breakfast with him, which being accepted, he said—"You will find me a solitary—I have long been so;" sighing as he spoke; and our hero saw that something painful was occurring to his recollection.

The house was in a style of elegant and chaste simplicity, indicating the wealth and good taste of its possessor. If both had been pleased with each other's company on the preceding evening, they were still more so this morning. Mr. Graham seemed to be a gentleman living entirely free from business, his principal amusements being an extensive garden, and a well-selected library.

As Charles was an invalid, and his new friend living in such retirement in a large house, he was invited to make his abode with Mr. Graham, till his health should be reestablished. There was so much earnestness and good feeling in the invitation, that Charles, although doubtful of the propriety of thus throwing himself

into the arms of a stranger, yet, in the language of his country, he could not find in his heart to refuse. The change was made, and they became so happy together, that they were seldom asunder.

Charles had resided more than a week with his friend, when one afternoon a card was brought in to Mr. Graham: a reply was wanted, which, having written, he requested Charles to lend him a seal, as his own watch was not in his pocket. Charles handed his watch across the table: Mr. Graham took it, and suddenly started, upon looking at the dial: for some moments he gazed on it with much emotion, when taking up the seals, he had no sooner fixed his eyes on them, than in a voice, tremulous with agitation, he exclaimed—"In the name of God, where did you get this watch?"

Charles, almost equally agitated, replied—"I believe it belonged to either my father or mother—but I cannot tell to which!"

"It cannot be! your name is—Melville!"

Graham of Liverpool rushed upon the mind of Charles; he was for a moment suspicious, and had resolved to be silent; but an impression immediately followed, that the crisis of his fate was come, and whether it were a just presentiment, or fascination, which had attached him to his new friend, he resolved to obey the impulse, and therefore cried—" Oh, sir, mine has been a strange fate! of my birth or parents I know nothing! the name that I bear is not mine—it is one bestowed in charity by a friend!"

The emotion of Mr. Graham increased, and in a faltering voice, he said—" I entreat you to tell me how you came to possess this watch, and every thing that you know connected with your birth."

Charles then began with the history of the shipwrecked stranger; related his own desertion by the woman; and concluded by producing the green silk purse, the foreign gold coins, and the ring from his finger.

Mr. Graham gazed upon them with as-

tonishment; examined the setting and posy of the ring; then fixing his eyes, swimming in tears, upon Charles, he started from his seat, and clasping him in his arms, exclaimed—" My son! my son!"

CHAPTER III.

Be merry and glad; be no more sad;
The case is changed nowe;
For it were reuthe, that for your trouth,
Ye shulde have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayed
To you when I began,
I wyl not to the grene wode goe;
I am no banishyed man! *Nut-brown Maid.*

Early Errors, and their Consequences.

When Charles had in some degree recovered from his astonishment, which this sudden declaration had produced, he fell upon his knees, imploring his father's blessing, and exclaiming—"You are indeed my father! my heart feels and acknowledges you: but, my mother—you have said that you are a widower; and I have seen one to whom my heart fondly clung, whispering—'This is your mother!"

"Oh no, my son! it must have been an illusion; your mother is no more! But tell me farther particulars of your strange history, that my reason may have conviction equal to that of my heart; yet they are unnecessary upon that account; for I saw your mother's features in your face the first time that I met you!"

Charles then repeated more minutely the circumstances already recorded in this history, some of which agitated his father extremely, and the feelings of both were in a state of excitement which rendered them incapable of cool and deliberate discussion.

They sat till nearly midnight, when Charles becoming sick, was prevailed upon by his father to withdraw, that the perturbation of his spirits might subside—having the promise that every thing relative to his birth and parentage should be explained in the morning. After Charles had retired, Mr. Graham sat down and drew up the following narrative, which he presented to his son next morning, after

breakfast, saying—" My dear Charles, since this happy discovery, it has occurred to me, that an account of your parents in writing would be more distinct and satisfactory to you than any oral narration, which would have been often interrupted by questions and observations. I have therefore employed part of the past night in sketching the particulars, which I now deliver to you; and although it is now evident that some parts are happily false, and that a vile imposition has been practised upon me, I have preferred stating every thing exactly as I would have done before I had the felicity of knowing that you were alive. I must call upon the gentleman whose card was the instrument, in the hand of Providence, of leading to this discovery. You will have finished the perusal by the time that I return." Mr. Graham then left the room, and Charles, with much impatience and emotion, read as follows:

"MY DEAR SON,

"It having pleased a kind Providence to restore you to my arms, after a lapse of so many years, during which I have believed myself a childless widower, I now furnish you with the following particulars concerning myself and your once adored mother. Oh that Heaven would grant that my information concerning her may prove as incorrect, as I now, to my great happiness, find it respecting yourself!

"My father is, or was, proprietor of the estate of Balmaron, in Perthshire, in Scotland: I was his only child, and till the nineteenth year of my age, never son lived happier with a father. He had spared no expence upon my education, and I was finishing my studies at the University of Edinburgh, when it was my fortune to meet a lady about a year younger than myself, at the house of one of my father's friends, where I sometimes visited. To see Amelia Forrester, was to

love her, if external features are capable of inspiring that passion; and to be in her company, to hear sentiments which evinced strength of intellect, purity of mind, sensibility of heart, and deep reflection, uttered in winning accents, and sounds of melting softness, was to have that love confirmed and rooted in the heart.

"Amelia was the orphan daughter and only child of a dissenting clergyman, who had died when she was in her fifteenth year, her mother being dead some years before. She was now left without a shilling, except what was produced by the sale of her father's library and household furniture—amounting to something less than two hundred pounds. The lady of the house where she now resided was a distant relation of her mother, and had taken her in, chiefly that the family might not be disgraced by her going into service. Here she appeared as a kind of humble companion, and although she was treated with no disrespect, she experienced neither tenderness nor affection.

"My father's greatest foible was pride of family; he piqued himself upon his illustrious ancestry, and I have reason for believing, that in his own mind, he had projected a match between me and the heiress of a family, of still higher rank than his own. My mother had died about a year before the period of which I am now writing.

"I was perfectly aware that my father would never sanction my union with Amelia; but my heart and affections were so deeply engaged, that I believed it impossible for me to live without her. While struggling between love and filial duty, a maternal uncle died, bequeathing to me about a thousand pounds in money, the watch that you now carry, and some other trifles. My attachment to Amelia was discovered by the family where she resided. Like my father, they had much family pride, and I believe I may add ambition; for there were some daughters to whom my addresses would have been acceptable. Amelia was now almost kept

out of my sight, and never allowed to stir out alone, lest I should have met her out of doors. But before this, we had acknowledged a reciprocal passion. Love is fertile in expedients: I contrived to correspond with her, and found that she was now the victim of disappointed pride and restless suspicion. My determination was soon, perhaps too hastily, formed; and believing it better to marry without my father's knowledge, than against his express order, I procured an interview with Amelia, and with much difficulty obtained her consent to a private marriage, that I might have a legal right to be her protector; for she was suffering under a tyranny and persecution, which it was obvious she could not long endure.

"The day was appointed on which we were to be united, when I received a letter from my father, in which, informing me that he had heard of my attachment, he vented his rage in abuse and low scurrility, on the dear object of my affections,

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and concluded by his stern mandate against my ever seeing again, or corresponding with Amelia. Had he remonstrated with me in a temperate style, and refrained from abusing her whose happiness was dearer to my heart than life itself, although that would not have changed my opinion, it might have so far influenced my conduct as to have prevented me from acting with such precipitancy; but his violence irritated my feelings, and rivetted me to my purpose; and on the third day from the receipt of this letter, I became the husband of Amelia.

"Although our marriage was as secret as possible, yet we had not escaped the notice of those spies that had been set upon our steps: the fact was discovered, and information immediately sent to my father, maliciously stating the day that we were united, thereby convincing him that I had acted in open defiance of his most express prohibition. The result of this was, that I received the enclosed letter, No. 1.

'SIR,

'You have disgraced yourself and the family to which you belonged, and this in defiance of the remonstrances of a father, who, following your example, from this moment renounces you for ever. Take the consequences of your own folly, but let me never see you more, and may you experience the wo pronounced against those who disobey and dishonour their parents! Consider yourself an orphan, as I now feel myself childless.

'C. GRAHAM.'

"It is not my purpose in this narrative to enter into a detail of my thoughts and feelings. It may, however, be proper to state, that my father had been a merchant, and made his fortune in business; the estate of Balmaron had, at a remote period, belonged to his ancestors, and this was one strong motive for his purchasing it, and which he now expected was to perpetuate his family name and honours to posterity.

This may, in some degree, account for the disappointment which he felt at my conduct, and the bitterness with which it was resented. My allowance was immediately stopped, and I was excluded from my paternal home; my wife was also dismissed from her residence. Having no longer any secret to keep, and nothing farther to apprehend, I took lodgings for myself and my Amelia. The legacy of my uncle placed us beyond immediate want, and I still indulged the hope that before it should be expended, my father would relax the stern decree which, in the heat of resentment, he had issued against me.

"I had a cousin named Richard Graham, about two years older than myself; we had been happy companions in our early days, and were now intimate friends: born to no patrimony, he was a clerk in a mercantile establishment in London; and exclusive of loving and being beloved by Amelia, a correspondence with my cousin was all the happiness that I now enjoyed.

"Eight months passed away, in a state of felicity which excluded all painful anticipations; when, one evening, while passing an hour in a coffee room (where I often adjourned for the sake of conversation and seeing the newspapers), a political dispute took place, in which I joined; all the parties concerned were young men, the argument became warm, and the language, perhaps, unguarded. A Mr. Melville took offence at some expression of mine, high words ensued, cards were exchanged, and next day I received a challenge—the time and place of meeting left to myself. Honour forbade delay, and I appointed the next morning, in a retired spot behind Arthur's Seat. My Amelia 'was in the state which ladies wish to be who love their lords;' and I might now be torn from her for ever. The perturbation of my mind was extreme; however, that I endeavoured to conceal, and took the precaution of drawing my little all from the bank, depositing it in my desk, and contriving to be absent for most of the day,

that Amelia might not discover the anguish of my mind. I passed a sleepless night, and met my antagonist at the time and place appointed; we fired at the same moment—I was unhurt; but Mr. Melville instantly fell, and the surgeon in waiting informed me that he was mortally wounded, requesting me to escape without a moment's delay. I hastened to an obscure alehouse in the suburbs, and with trembling hand dispatched a note to Amelia, requesting an immediate interview; she came—our mutual anguish I will not attempt to describe. Alarmed for me only, as I felt only for her, she urged my immediate flight, and we agreed that London should be my destination: avoiding the high road, I arrived in safety, and was most kindly received by my cousin.

"It being incompatible with my personal security to reside with him, private lodgings were procured. I lived in a most retired manner, and wrote for Amelia to join me, which letter my cousin enclosed to a friend, that no discovery of my retreat

might be made at the postoffice. She arrived in safety, but very much fatigued from her situation. Mr. Melville was still alive, but his recovery was hopeless.

"In a short time after her arrival, Amelia made me a happy father; and while I held you, my dear son, in my arms, and received the assurance that your mother was in no danger, I forgot every care; every alarm ceased; and, in the felicity of the present, I was indifferent and blind to the future. You were baptized by the Christian name which you still bear, and your mother recovered more rapidly than could have been expected.

"My cousin appeared to take a deep interest in every thing that concerned our happiness, and often contrived to pass his evenings in our retired abode. Amelia was an excellent nurse, kept in good health, and the freshness of the roses on her cheek was in no degree inferior to the blush of her virgin beauty. I had talked with my cousin about finding me some

employment, and he had promised his best assistance; when, one evening, he visited us much later than usual, and we immediately discovered that something oppressed his mind; after some circumlocution he told us, that I had been traced to London, and in great distress added, that his lodgings had been twice searched for me by the Bow-street officers; that he had been thus late in his visit, lest by dodging him, my residence should be discovered, as he believed his motions were watched. To be brief, it appeared that I was no longer safe in London; and, after much deliberation, it was resolved that I should emigrate to America, where I might find it eligible to remain, having very little to attach me to Britain, in the present state of my affairs.

"Early one morning my cousin called and informed us, that by a letter which he had received from Edinburgh, Mr. Melville was just dying, that the search for me was continued with unremitted perseverance, his lodgings had been again

visited, and he found that his steps were watched by the Bow-street officers.

"A vessel in the river was to sail for America in two days; there was no time for deliberation. I engaged for my passage, and prepared for departure.

"It was agreed that Amelia should remain in London till you were weaned, and then, if I resolved upon continuing in America, she should come out to me. Our correspondence was to be through the medium of my cousin, who pledged himself for the most faithful friendship, and unremitted attention to the dear object of my affection during our painful separation: indeed we had experienced so much kindness from him, that I considered it a blessing that he was upon the spot to protect my Amelia. He had provided a servant for her, a Scotch girl, on whose fidelity he affirmed she might rely.

"I took with me a very small part of our scanty stock, anxious to leave your mother in as good circumstances as possible. Amelia accompanied me to the Surry side,

where we were met by my cousin; he was prevailed upon to take leave before I approached the boat, to avoid publicity in our parting. Mournfully tender was our separation; I moistened her face and yours with my tears, as you lay upon her bosom; hers had also wetted my cheeks, and I considered them as too precious to be wiped away. We tore ourselves asunder—I leaped into the boat accompanied by my cousin, and committing my wife and child to his care and the protection of Heaven, went on board in anguish of mind which was inexpressible.

"The ship's destination was Charlestown, in South Carolina, where we arrived safely, after an easy voyage. I took the first opportunity of writing your mother and my friend, and although later than my wishes, received an early reply from each. Your mother's letter stated that both she and you were in good health, and that she had no other cause for unhappiness, except our separation; it breathed the purest and most tender affection: ah! little did

I anticipate that it was to be the last I should ever receive from her! It brought also the painful information that Mr. Melville had died of his wound; this was to me very distressing; for, although he had been the challenger, yet I felt his death as a load upon my mind, which I could not shake off; and even still it adds to the melancholy which must now haunt me through life. Your bearing the same name was almost an insuperable bar to my forming an acquaintance with you, but I felt an internal impulse which I could not resist.

"But leaving this digression—the next letter I received was from my cousin, advising that my son had been seized by the hooping-cough, and by the advice of the physician, Amelia had gone with him into the country, which was stated as a reason for her not writing. Soon after, I received another sealed with black; I opened it with trepidation, and found the melancholy information, that my darling child was dead, which had so much affected

Amelia, that her health had been impaired; and my cousin had prevailed upon her to join a party, who were setting out to make the tour of Wales, hoping it would contribute to the restoration of her health and spirits; that she intended to have written, but that he had advised her against it, as her spirits were unequal to the task. For three months after this I was without any advice, and had become so impatient, that I had formed the resolution of returning to England, to satisfy my anxiety concerning my dearly beloved Amelia, when I received the following letter, No. 2.

'MY DEAR COUSIN,

'Be assured that I regret exceedingly that I should be under the necessity of communicating any thing calculated to wound your feelings, and most sincerely sympathize with you in the pain which this will unavoidably occasion. My last informed you that I had advised Amelia

to join a party for Wales; this was done with the best intentions, both towards her and you, although I now bitterly regret my interference, and most feelingly deplore the consequences of this most unfortunate journey.

'Agreeably to my expectations, the travelling through England, and fine air of Wales, had a most salutary effect upon Amelia's health and spirits. I had a letter from her, which delighted, while it surprised me by the exhilaration of mind under which it appeared to be written; but, alas! the mystery is now fatally unveiled.

'The friends whom she accompanied stopped for some time in Cardigan, where there was a strolling company of comedians. Amelia, with much reluctance, accompanied the party to the theatre; but next day, she expressed herself highly delighted with the performance, and declared her resolution of going back that evening; and this she continued to practise during their stay in Cardigan, to which she now

shewed great attachment. Her friends proposed proceeding further northward, and returning by the east road; but Amelia now declared her resolution of remaining at Cardigan, and in the most positive manner refused to accompany them. With much regret, and some slight anticipation of her motives, they were obliged to leave her, she having promised to join them, if they advised her on their return.

'Why should I rack your mind by dwelling upon minute circumstances! immediately after the departure of her friends Amelia hired lodgings, where she was visited by the comedians of both sexes, who held concerts in her house, she taking part in the performance. The purpose of all this was soon apparent; there was among these strollers a fine-looking young fellow, named Mr. Blandford; he was an excellent singer, had a genteel address, and fascination of manner, which had made a powerful impression upon the mind of Amelia on her first visit to the theatre. She now was visited by this fellow pri-

vately, and it was known that he often breakfasted with her. All this I was informed of by the friends with whom she had left London; they had written to her, requesting her to join them according to her own proposal, and receiving no reply, wrote to their friends in Cardigan, who informed them of what I have now related. I immediately wrote to her, and having no answer, caused one of the party she had accompanied write to his friend in Cardigan for particular information. It is with sorrow of heart that I communicate the result of our inquiries, which was shortly that she had left the place, accompanied by Mr. Blandford (who had quitted the company of strollers); but his route was unknown: he had been much in debt before his acquaintance with Amelia, but the whole was discharged previous to his leaving Cardigan. This is all that I have been able to ascertain of this melancholy affair, and I have had much hesitation about informing you; but became at length convinced, that duty ought to su-

persede delicacy; for your sake, I shall spare no pains in endeavouring to discover, and, if possible, reclaim the lost Amelia.

'This stroke will, I know, be severely felt by you, and I can only refer you to time as the best comforter; also recommending to your sober recollection the folly of immoderate grief, for one who has proved totally unworthy. With most sincere condolence, I am,

'DEAR COUSIN,

'Yours truly,

'R. GRAHAM.'

"You will easily, my dear son, conjecture what I must have felt at this intelligence; my mind was so disturbed, that I sat with the fatal letter before me, doubting first whether I was awake, then of my sanity, and lastly of the veracity of the writer. I then recollected with agony that Amelia was fond of theatrical amusements, sung enchantingly, and was an admirer of fine singing; and as I could dis-

cover no motive that my cousin could have for imposition, I was forced to believe the agonizing tale; although, that I might do both her and myself justice, I wrote to her immediately, addressed to the lodgings in which I had left her. Six tedious months elapsed before I again heard from Britain, when at last I received from my cousin the following, No. 3.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'You are doubtless much wearied to hear from me; after the tenor of my last, I conceive that the present, although it may give a temporary shock to your feelings, will upon mature reflection be considered a subject of consolation—Amelia is no more! However painful it may be, you will no doubt wish to have the particulars; but as the subject can have no attractions for either of us, I shall endeavour to be concise.

'Soon after the date of my last, it occurred to me to make inquiry at the

bank where her money was deposited, what sums she had lately drawn; and I there found that the whole had been withdrawn some weeks before; and I afterwards learned that Blandford had become the manager of a strolling company, which at once accounted for the money. I wrote to Amelia, where I heard they were performing, but received no reply.

'A very few weeks ago, I had occasion to visit Glasgow on business; one evening, being engaged with a party of friends, the theatre became the topic of conversation; all were loud in the praises which they lavished upon the personal attractions and musical powers of a Mrs. Blandford, whose countenance and voice they said were almost divine.

'The name awakened feelings which I found it difficult to disguise, for I had no doubt that it was my poor lost friend; it was impossible to leave my party that evening, otherwise I would have run instantly to the theatre; but I resolved upon

having ocular demonstration next night; and, afraid of betraying my emotions, went to a corner box, where I had no risk of meeting any of my acquaintance. The house was crowded, and before the rising of the curtain, your father most unfortunately came in, seating himself in the box beside me, being the only room he could find. I was not aware of his being in Glasgow; however, we had just time to exchange compliments when the curtain rose. Every one expressed great anxiety for Mrs. Blandford's appearance; no one could be more uneasy than myself, although for a very different reason. She came forward amidst thunders of welcome, and although painted to the eyes, her features were too deeply imprinted on the heart of friendship, not to be instantly recognised. I was incapable of attending to her performance (and your father was astonished at my absence and incoherent replies), but it was obvious that loud and unanimous applause was awarded her.

'In the box next to us were some

young fellows, who began to talk of her with much levity. One of the party seeming to doubt the propriety of speaking with such freedom concerning her, another replied—"Why, sir George, don't you know her?"

"No; who is she?" was the reply.

"It may be difficult to say who she is," said the other; "but I can tell who she was. You have no doubt heard that Graham of Balmaron's son married a girl in low life—that is the woman; he was fugitated, for shooting beau Melville in a duel; he had fled the country, leaving the girl with one child, I believe, in or about London. You see she has charms, and she was too knowing to 'waste her sweetness on the desert air;' and report says, that Blandford knows the value, and how to make the most of her attractions."

'I heard no more; for your father was in such a state as made it absolutely necessary to leave the house. I conducted him to an inn, and staid with him for se-

veral hours. I will not shock you with a repetition of the execrations which he uttered against the strumpet who had rendered him childless; but believing that I knew your retreat, and corresponded with you, he told me that he had a message for you, which he made me swear, in the most solemn manner, to deliver. This I did, as I now feel, too rashly; for it was (my hand trembles while I write it) that he had invoked a curse against you, should you ever dare to appear in his presence; and from the bitterness of heart with which it was uttered, I am grieved to say that I fear it will never be revoked; and your only consolation is, that he cannot live for ever. Let me drop the subject, and resume what was the chief purport of this letter, by relating the catastrophe which puts an end to your disgrace. After we left the theatre, Amelia continued to sing, and was loudly *encored* in a song which required great compass of voice; she complied; but, in the execution, burst a blood-vessel, and expired next day. I

joined in the last duties to her remains, before I left Glasgow, and hope you will not blame me for dropping a tear in the dust which was destined to hide her guilt, and cover fallen innocence.

'Any thing further is superfluous; permit me, however, to say, that, if I might advise, the best and wisest thing you can do, to banish your melancholy, will be to plunge into business; this will engage your attention, and enable you to forget her and your country, both of whom have used you most ungratefully. You already mentioned having begun business; I know that you are but slenderly provided with the means for doing it to advantage; I can command about two hundred pounds, which is at your service. If you are fortunate, you can repay me by the time I shall want it; and, if not, I shall never regret the loss of such a trifle, with so dear a friend.

'Write me as soon as you can compose your mind to adopt any plan, informing me of your intentions; and be

assured that I deeply regret not having it in my power to render you more efficient assistance, as also that it should have been my fate to communicate such intelligence, as that of this and my preceding letter.

'Wishing you speedy and permanent consolation, I am,

'MY DEAR COUSIN,

'Yours affectionately,

'R. GRAHAM.'

"I was now isolated from the world, with no one to love or care for me; and was as much at home in Virginia as in Perthshire; with this difference in my favour, that here I was unknown, had no enemies to hunt for my life, or, what was still more dreadful, to point the finger of scorn, and repeat the tale of my disgrace. I felt weary of life, and longed to lay down the galling load; but the history of my discordant feelings would fill a volume.

"It was some months before I could acquire fortitude to write to my cousin; I declined accepting his proffered loan, as I did not wish to risk what he could ill afford to lose; and I also felt a reluctance at incurring an obligation. I, however, followed his advice, in devoting my whole attention to business, as the best means of enabling me to forget the past.

"In the next letter that I received from him, he informed me that my father had made his will, bequeathing the estate of Balmaron to a distant relation of his mother, giving, as a reason, that as I had disgraced his name, he now wished it to perish for ever. My cousin then added, that he had been assailed by unexpected misfortune; and being, like me, disgusted with his native land, he should be on his way to India, in a few days after the date of his letter. He had resolved never more to return to Europe; but I might expect to be advised, as soon as he was settled in the peninsula. Such was the tenor of his

letter; and I have never heard from him, nor aught concerning him, since.

"My business prospered; I became reconciled to the world; and although I could not forget my early sorrows, time had mellowed them into a melancholy, which had something not unpleasing in the contemplation—the only action in which I could attach blame to myself, being the death of Mr. Melville, an event which I continue to deplore.

"I wrote to my father, imploring his forgiveness; but my letter was returned in a blank cover; after which, I renounced every thought of revisiting my native country. I have been fortunate, having made a respectable competency; and at the commencement of the war, I retired from active life.

"It will perhaps surprise you, that I should be so fully convinced that you are my son, when I have my cousin's letter announcing the death of my child. This conviction arises from a combination of

circumstances; my strong and indescribable emotions which I felt upon first seeing you, and the striking resemblance which you bear to your mother; these haunted me day and night, before I heard your story; but from it, I am convinced that some vile imposition has been practised upon me; and I tremble to think what may have been the fate of your mother. The green purse, the foreign gold, and the ring, were all my gifts to her: the money found in the purse proves that she had not applied it as represented to me. I should not have mentioned your mother's story thus early, were I not now fully persuaded that it is false. I am lost in conjecture and wild apprehensions, and cannot think of my once dear Amelia without shuddering. How do I long for our next interview! for you said that you had seen her. Could I command a world, freely would I bestow it, to ascertain that she is alive and innocent; for although afraid to trust so delightful an illusion, yet I cannot divest myself of the hope,

that Heaven may yet restore Amelia, in the same miraculous manner that you have been conducted to the arms of

"Your affectionate father,

"C. GRAHAM."

CHAPTER IV.

It often falls, as here it erst befel,
That mortal foes do turn to faithful friends;
And friends professed are changed to foemen fell;
For enmity that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends. SPENSER.

The Dead alive.

THE tale which Charles had just read was sufficient to harrow up the soul of a stoic; and he was sitting, lost in thought, when his father returned. Without waiting to be addressed, he sprang up, seized his father's hand, and cried—"My mother!—Oh, my mother!—tell me—had she a mole on her left cheek?"

"She had," replied Mr. Graham, with the most anxious energy.

"She lives!—she lives!—I have seen her!" exclaimed Charles.

His father stepped into a bedroom, and returned with a miniature, saying—" This was once a faithful portrait of my Amelia, whom I so fondly loved, and have now so long lamented."

" It is she!—it is she!" cried Charles, half frantic, as he gazed upon the picture; " it is the lady, the Amelia with whom I travelled in a carriage from Hawick to Langholm, in August 1774. My heart then claimed kindred with her. I parted from her with regret; and her image is imprinted on my mind, never to be effaced. But say, had your cousin, Richard Graham, sand-coloured hair, a slight stoop in the shoulders, and did he squint with his left eye?"

" He had all these marks—you have described him."

" Then he is a villain!—a d——d treacherous villain! He is still in England—you have been grossly deceived; but my mother! what may she not have suffered in the snares of such a monster!"

Here Charles related his acquaintance

with Graham in Liverpool, and the different attempts which this arch villain had made upon his liberty and life.

His father's agitation was so great that he could only exclaim—" Monster!—execrable fiend! Oh, hapless, injured Amelia! where shall I seek thee?—how shall I atone for the injustice that I have done thee in my heart? But I must seek and find thee, otherwise that heart will break!"

Having passed a considerable time together, in which Charles had related the outline of his life, he concluded by saying —" You, my dear father, will perceive how deeply I am indebted to colonel Melville; but you cannot appreciate his friendship as I have felt it. I would now beg to leave you for a little, that I may inform him of this wonderful discovery; I am sure it will delight his heart; besides, as my friend and superior officer, his advice and assistance may be of essential service to us in the present situation of our affairs."

"You are right, my dear Charles; go, and return to dinner."

Our delighted hero flew, rather than walked, found colonel Melville alone, and, half frantic, clasped his knees, exclaiming —"Oh, my dear friend, I have found him!—I have found him!"

The colonel, alarmed at his emotion, cried—"Who do you mean?—whom have you found, my dear Charles?"

"My father!—my dear father!" cried the enraptured soldier.

"Where is he?" said the colonel, participating in the emotion of Charles.

"Here, sir! that is, in the town: oh I am sure you will be delighted with him! When will it be convenient for your leisure, that I should bring him to wait upon you?"

"Are you certain that he is your father?"

"Oh yes; I have the most convincing proofs."

"Why, Charles, I am so anxious to see

him, that I will accompany you just now."

It was perhaps well for our hero that he felt an anxiety about his mother; otherwise the effervescence of his spirits might have been too powerful for Reason, who sat tottering on her throne. In their progress to his father's, he thought that colonel Melville never before had walked so slowly; while the colonel was secretly smiling at his impatience, which was as visible in his steps as in his countenance. When they arrived, Charles introduced his friend; but colonel Melville and Mr. Graham both stood for some time, as it were, spell-bound, and gazing upon each other.

Colonel Melville was the first to break silence; and walking up, took Mr. Graham's hand, saying—"How do you do, Mr. Graham? This is a most sincere pleasure—so unexpected a meeting with an old acquaintance!"

Mr. Graham, having a little recovered from his surprise, which was evidently very great, replied—"Still more wonders!

Had I met you, Mr. Melville, before yesterday, I should have supposed that your ghost haunted me; but I, who believed myself childless, find myself now blessed with a son; while you, like a good angel, have come to relieve my mind from the charge of murder, and remove that mountain of guilt, which for more than twenty years has oppressed my heart."

"Can it be possible that you never heard of my recovery?"

"So far was I from having that consolation, that a friend in London wrote expressly to me, that you had died of your wound."

"Pray what friend was that?"

"My cousin, Richard Graham."

"And to that very man I wrote, the first moment I was able (understanding that you had fled to London), requesting him, if he knew of your retreat, to inform you of my recovery; and that you might return with perfect confidence."

Mr. Graham, shaking with agony, exclaimed—"Oh, execrable demon! how

deeply laid has been his hellish plot—and how much of it yet remains undiscovered! Oh, my dear, injured, lost Amelia!"

"We cannot part just now; I shall do myself the pleasure of dining with you," said the colonel, "that we may talk over these discoveries, with more deliberation than we are yet able to do."

"I most sincerely thank you, colonel, for this kindness," said Mr. Graham; "Charles and I are both much in want of advice and consolation; as you will more fully comprehend, if you can feel sufficient interest in our affairs to peruse this abstract of my history, which I wrote out for Charles last night. You will there see what a dupe I have been, and will excuse my present emotion."

"Most willingly, Mr. Graham, will I hear, or read, whatever you may be pleased to communicate; I could not be indifferent to the interests of captain Melville's father; but you have a strong and prior claim of your own."

When the colonel had finished the per-

usal of the paper, during which he uttered several execrations, he exclaimed—"Why, Mr. Graham, you have been the dupe of a most infamous scoundrel. There never was a search for you in London; but this is a trifle not worth mentioning, except as it forms a link in the diabolical chain by which you have been entangled. But your Amelia—there is no doubt of her being most foully slandered by this devil incarnate; and I hope she is still alive."

"Oh, sir," cried Charles, "I have mentioned to you that I saw her on my way to Liverpool. I am sure it was her. I then heard her named Amelia. I have seen her picture here; and from what I then felt, it is impossible that I can be mistaken. Besides, colonel, the paper which we got from the old woman in Glen Nevis said she was then alive."

"Still my imagination is racked, and my heart is torn," said his father, "in contemplating what she may not have suffered, from the machinations of that most detestable villain."

When Charles informed the colonel that this was the same Mr. Graham who had laid so many snares for him in Liverpool, his friend replied—" I see it all, and have no hesitation in saying, that notwithstanding of what he wrote you about your father's will, if that father is not now alive, this precious cousin of yours is now laird of Balmaron; this is the key to the whole of his plotting; but he will now be easily circumvented; and I hope to see you and your Amelia yet happy together."

After dinner, Mr. Graham said—" I have been informed by Charles how deeply he is indebted to your friendship; your kindness to him I can never repay; but I beg you to accept my warmest thanks, and to be assured of my lasting gratitude."

" My good friend," replied the colonel, " I shall ever consider myself as the cause of your most serious misfortunes; and whatever kindnesses I may have shewn to your son, must be reckoned among the inscrutable ways of Providence, which has made me so far its instrument, as has en-

abled me, in some degree, to atone for the injuries done to the father, by placing the unknown son under my protection."

'The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate," said Mr. Graham; "and it is our duty to exercise resignation, waiting in hope."

"Most undoubtedly it is," said the colonel; "but, at the same time, more active duties are also incumbent, and your presence will be necessary in Britain, before you can do justice either to your son, his mother, or yourself. Now, as it does not appear probable that you will ever return to this country, you should finally settle your affairs here, so as not to render it necessary; but I beg your pardon for pretending to direct you in what must have occurred to yourself."

"I most kindly thank you, my worthy friend," replied Mr. Graham; "we shall have much occasion for your advice and assistance."

"And both are at your service, in as far as they can be made useful; I shall

consider whether in Charles's situation, it would be practicable and eligible for him to accompany you to Britain. In the mean time, although I must lose the pleasure of having him for a namesake, yet I presume you will reckon it prudent, while he continues in the army, that he should retain the name which stands in his commission."

"Most assuredly," said Mr. Graham; "and anxiously as I wish to have him in Britain, yet the present is a critical period; and we must have regard to the character and honour of a British officer."

"This is just what I alluded to; and I am very glad that it appears to you in the same light," replied colonel Melville.

"We must be guided by your advice, colonel; and I take the liberty of expressing my hope, that you will not consider Charles as having no farther occasion for your friendship, now that he has found a father; and trusting that, with the discharge of his duty as a soldier, he will continue to exercise that respect and grati-

tude for your friendship, which has hitherto influenced his conduct."

"When I cease to respect colonel Melville, I must cease to live, or at least to think and act as a man," cried Charles, feelingly.

"I promise my warmest friendship and counsel to the father as part of a heavy debt that I have long owed him," said the colonel, "and the same shall continue to be exercised to the son, as my *protégé* —a title which I hope he does not yet wish to renounce. We shall see each other often, and act as prudence may direct, or circumstances will admit."

Colonel Melville now took his leave, and the father and son continued to talk of the past, with anticipated hopes and fears for the future, till the lateness of the hour warned them to retire.

Charles had passed the preceding night in waking dreams, and on this, his pillow was haunted with romantic visions. At one time he was rescuing his mother from the diabolical machinations of their arch

enemy Richard Graham. Anon he was walking in the groves of Beechwood, clothed in his old great-coat, with Emma hanging on his arm, till the appearance of sir Archibald Gandersfield "murdered sleep," and dispelled the charming illusion.

Ever since Charles had resided with Mr. Graham, Dan's services had been little wanted; but he made a point of calling every day after breakfast for orders. His master now felt that there would be something ungenerous, in not enabling this humble and faithful adherent to his fortunes to participate in the happiness produced by the recent discoveries; he therefore made his father acquainted with Dan's character, and the devoted attachment which he had never failed to evince; expressing his inclination to communicate what he was sure would impart so much pleasure to Dan, of which his father highly approved.

Dan called at his usual time, and according to orders, was shewn into the parlour, when Charles said—"Come away, Dan;

I must introduce you to a new friend whom I have found.—This is Mr. Graham —my father!" and taking Dan's hand, he led him forward, saying—"Dear father, permit me to present to you Dan Norval, my faithful servant and devoted friend."

Had Dan seen his father's ghost in the spot occupied by Mr. Graham, or had Susan Tait stood before him in *propria persona*, he could not have exhibited greater signs of astonishment; at length, raising his eyes and lifting his hands, he exclaimed—"The Lord of heaven be praised for a' his goodness!" and stepping forward, he seized captain Melville's hand, saying —"My honoured master, excuse my freedom, but I maun tak' your hand, an' wish you joy—*lang lookit for's come at last*, an' *the langest day that ever was anes came e'en!* Oh, may you be now as happy as you deserve! But I'm o'er free," cried Dan, withdrawing his hand.

"By no means, Dan; I know your heart, and should have been disappointed had you acted otherwise."

"Oh, sir, I bless God that I've lived to see this day! But your mither—excuse me—but—is she alive?"

"I hope she is, Dan, and, I trust, in Scotland."

"Od, I lay my lugs yon was her in the chaise that put your heart in sic a flutter; I never saw you in sic a state but anes before. But I beg pardon, for I think I'm hardly mysel' sin' I came in. But was yon her?"

"It was, Dan."

"Weel, maister, believe me as you like, I just got a glint o' her as she was steppin' into the chaise; but I could ha'e lookit at her till the moon changed; an' whan the chaise whirled awa', I said to mysel—'God bless your bonny face! for you're as like my maister as if he were your ain bairn.' But what did you say was to be your name now?"

"My father's name is Mr. Graham."

Dan gave his shoulders a shrug, in a way peculiar to himself, and again begging pardon, was about to depart.

Charles filled out a glass of wine, saying—"Dan, you must drink to my father."

Dan, pausing, lifted the glass, and with much emotion, said—"Mr.—Graham, your good health, an' may you lang enjoy your son, wi' as muckle happiness as them that had him before you! Captain, your good health, an' may this be but the morning sky of your happiness! *it's never mirker than before the moon rise;* ye've been preserved frae perils by land, an' perils by sea, frae fire, frae dogs, frae robbers, in battle, an' frae sudden death; an' I hope it's a' for a good end, that Providence has brought you thro' sae mony dangers; but *after a storm comes a calm,* an' *the happy man canna be herried.* This is the blithest day I ever saw! but my head's wrang, an' I'm forgettin' whare I am," and he drank off his glass.

Mr. Graham then said—"I hold myself your debtor, for the devoted attachment which you have so long shewn to my son;

and I hope I shall have an opportutunity of rewarding you."

"Od, sir, this day rewards it a',' cried Dan, exultingly.

"But you must be no longer a soldier, Dan; or if you will continue in the army, we must have you promoted."

"Is my master leavin' the army?"

"Not just yet."

"Weel then, I'm a soger as lang's he's ane, an' no a day mair, if I can help it; an' as lang's I wear the red coat, I'll be naething but captain Melville's servant, an' he dinna put me out o' his employment, an' that's what I wadna expect at his hand."

"Thank you, Dan," cried both.

"It must be your own way," said Charles.

Mr. Graham being called out, left Charles and his faithful servant in the room, when Dan, after pausing for some time, said—"Will you excuse me, captain, for mentioning the queer notion that's come into my head?"

"Most readily, Dan—what is it?"

"I've been thinkin, sir, that you're now four-and-twenty year auld; an' your father's been tint a' the time till this owk. Now it's na aboon a quarter o' that time yet sin' Susie Tait was lost sight o'; an' altho' I've thought it a dreigh time, yet it's no sae dooms lang whan ane looks o'er their shouther till't; an' whan I consider a' the kittle turns an' wonderfu' warks o' Providence, od I begin to think, that as *broken a ship's come to land* as that her an' me may meet yet."

There was a gleam of hope glistening in the poor fellow's eyes, which it would have been cruelty to dispel, even although convinced that it was fallacious; but in the present case, there were juster grounds for indulging this hope, than the slight analogical reasoning upon which Dan's wishes had contrived to rear this air-built castle; Charles therefore replied, that he thought it very probable that Susan Tait would yet be found, and perhaps at a time when least expected. Dan was just now in a

humour to rest his hopes upon a very slender foundation, and he departed full of present delight, and anticipating much undefined future happiness.

Except to lieutenant Sinclair, Charles had never talked confidentially with any of his brother officers concerning the obscurity of his birth; but from the intimacy which had subsisted between him and Sinclair, he conceived it a duty to communicate to him the change which had taken place in his fortunes; Sinclair was therefore invited to dine, and introduced by Charles to his father, as a brother officer, who, like himself, had been unfortunate.

Mr. Graham having retired, when left to themselves, Charles informed his friend of the most remarkable incidents in his father's history, dwelling, with peculiar emphasis on the fiend-like plottings of Richard Graham, who had been the author of all their calamities, and whom he justly pronounced a villain of the first magnitude.

Sinclair, while he congratulated Charles

upon his good fortune, and expressed his hope that he would yet discover his mother, appeared under an agitation of mind which very much astonished his friend. It continued to increase till, amounting to agony, he sunk insensible on his chair. Charles was much alarmed, and after several efforts, succeeded in restoring him to his senses; but he no sooner looked upon our hero, than he averted his face, groaning deeply.

Every attention that Charles bestowed seemed only to augment his distress; till at last raising himself in his chair, he sat like the statue of despair.

Although Charles could form no conjecture concerning the cause, yet he was convinced that something dreadful oppressed the mind of his friend, and now began to fear that it was in some way connected with himself, or the history which he had just then related. At length he said, in a gentle, soothing voice—" My dear friend, I perceive that some secret distress, of no

common kind, agitates your feelings. Are Mrs. Sinclair and your children well? Can I either assist you, or administer consolation?"

Sinclair burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed out—"Oh, you are too good! When you know me, you will despise, hate, renounce, and banish me from your presence for ever! I am the most wretched of human beings, for Richard Graham is—my father!"

Charles was indeed much surprised by this declaration; but taking the lieutenant's hand, with much ease, and in the most affectionate tone, he said—"My dear friend, this is your misfortune, not your fault; and the only difference it can make between you and me, will be to unite us in closer friendship, as we have been fellow-sufferers from this unprincipled man's avarice and ambition. Think no more of this; we cannot unriddle the ways of Providence, nor see the purposes for which they are intended; calculate with confidence upon the continuance and increase

of my friendship, and forget that Richard Graham exists."

Sinclair was unable to reply; and convulsively pressing the hand of his friend, he hastened away.

CHAPTER V.

When silent Time with lightly foot,
Had trod on twenty years,
My native land I sought again,
With many hopes and fears. MISS BLAMIRE.

A pleasing Voyage, and the Meeting of old Friends.

GENERALS Washington and Rochambeau were now investing York Town, the result of which, every one knows, was the surrender of lord Cornwallis and the army under his command; but while the siege was carrying on, the stern voice of honour forbade Charles, although an invalid, from a thought of retiring from the scene, even had it been practicable; but the French fleet now blockaded the entrance of James River, so that ingress or egress on the part of the British was totally precluded.

Captain Melville resumed his post; and

although during the siege the killed and wounded on the part of the British amounted to upwards of five hundred, he and his friends providentially escaped unhurt.

By the capitulation which followed, the officers were allowed to retain their side-arms, and to return to Britain, carrying with them what number of men they pleased, to be afterwards reckoned for in the exchange of prisoners. Such persons also in the town as had adhered to the royal cause, were at liberty to depart with their property. Mr. Graham had taken no active part during the revolutionary war, of which this was the conclusion; and he found no opposition to his departure, which colonel Melville urged should now take place with the first sailing vessels.

To this Charles replied—"I certainly wish to reach Britain as speedily as possible; but before I left it, I pledged my word never to desert colonel Melville; and I beg that he will not now exercise his right as my superior officer, by com-

manding my departure while he remains here. I further request as a favour, that I and my father may be allowed to embark in the same ship with him; that as we have fought, we may return together."

"I thank you, Charles," replied the colonel; "and as my vocation here is ended, there exists nothing to impede your wishes, and we shall endeavour to leave this as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, in which we must include your servant Dan, and also serjeant M'Leod, whose assistance, I trust, we will find useful in tracing your mother."

Mr. Graham had considerable property in the British funds, also a house, and small, but rich estate, in Virginia; but conceiving that they could be sold to more advantage afterwards, he merely let them for the present. He had also a black servant, named Oscar, whom he emancipated, leaving it in his choice to continue in America, or accompany him to Britain as a free servant.

The grateful African exclaimed—"Oh,

massa! me go wid you; you good massa —nibber let Oscar be hunger. What could Oscar do when massa away? when heb noting to do — nobody to like? When Oscar old, and cannot work, he die, and none bury him. Me go wid you, massa; me will dress horse, dig garden, and do all your needs—dear massa, no leave Oscar!"

"Well, Oscar, you shall go with me," said Mr. Graham.

"Tank and bless you, massa!" cried the poor negro, clasping his master's knees, while tears of joy and gratitude streamed down his sable cheeks.

When the first fleet was ready to sail for Britain, our party prepared to take, as they believed, their last farewell of the new world. None was without his hopes and fears; but perhaps the emotions of Mr. Graham were the keenest, the most contrary of the whole. He was leaving a land to which he had become naturalized, and a circle of friends, among whom he had, in a great degree, forgotten his early

sorrows, again to tread his native shore, from which fate and fraud had expelled him; and where it was doubtful if a beam of joy would light an eye, to bid him welcolme, except from the companions of his voyage. Still, to counterbalance these, there was a hope, whose light, though dim and obscure, proved a leading star to his heart and affections; and he felt, that could it be realized, it would be cheaply purchased by every sacrifice that he could make, and every privation that he might endure; for never since the first moment that he saw Amelia, had she been so dear to his heart as he now felt her—never had he so panted for her arms.

Charles had no regrets to experience on leaving America; every object that had entwined itself with his affections was now with him, or in that land which he was about to revisit; and many were the attractions by which his heart was drawn to its shores. There he now expected to find a mother—there he trusted to meet Mr. and Mrs. Angus, his fond and earliest

friends—and there also he hoped to see one still dearer to his heart—dearer than the father he had so lately discovered, or that mother, over whose uncertain fate he had heaved many a heartfelt sigh, and shed many a bitter tear. But his heart now whispered, that without Emma Melville, fortune, father, mother, and friends, would avail him nothing. Hitherto he had felt, with anguish sometimes approaching nearly to despair, that the obscurity in which his origin was involved, had placed an insuperable bar between them; propitious fate had now removed that obstacle, and he hoped the time was not far distant when he could, with erect form and manly brow, say to his friend colonel Melville—"I love Emma!" He also ventured to indulge the belief, that under all his former disadvantages, Emma did not see him with indifference. Of his rival the baronet, he entertained no very alarming apprehensions; but every hour seemed a day till he was afloat upon the world of waters that rolled between them.

Lieutenant Sinclair had his Eliza, with his son and daughter, before him; but his heart shuddered when he reflected, that on those shores dwelt also his father, whom he had long feared, and now almost hated.

Of all the party, perhaps Dan had the least cause of dejection. He was to accompany his best friend, and had nothing to fear upon arriving in Britain, while hope still soothed his heart with the delightful day-dream of meeting Susan Tait.

Serjeant M'Leod's features indicated a resolution and fortitude not to be easily depressed, nor apt to be elevated by trivial causes, although some hard lines in his face bore evidence that his mind had suffered from the sensibility of his heart.

Oscar had, at an early age, been torn from his parents, his country, and all that he held dear on earth. United by no tie either to country or people, he had no broken friendships to prompt his griefs, and was indifferent to every thing except separation from his master, the only being upon earth to whom he could look for pro-

tection; and accompanying him, he was glad to leave America, when told that they were going to a country where there were no slaves; for whatever slave-dealers and West-India planters may say, or believe on the subject, Oscar's heart was still feelingly alive to the sympathies of human nature; and although, from the indulgencies of a gentle master, comparatively happier than most of his countrymen around him, yet the daily sight of the sufferings endured by his brethren who had more rigorous masters, was anguish to his soul, and he expressed his delight that he should be relieved from witnessing what was to him the greatest suffering that he endured.

The party embarked; and without any occurrence worth mentioning, arrived safe at Portsmouth. As Mr. Graham had some stock transactions to inquire after in London, the party proceeded to the metropolis, where they stopped only two days; during which colonel Melville and Charles took the opportunity of informing them-

selves concerning Susan Tait, and had the satisfaction of hearing from the friend to whom she had been recommended, that she was in good health, and in a respectable place, where she was kindly treated and highly esteemed. The colonel again most warmly recommended her to the protection and kindness of his friend; but for particular reasons, requested that she might not, for the present, be informed of their return to Britain. Colonel Melville also went to the War-office, and obtained leave of absence for himself, captain Melville, serjeant M'Leod, and Dan, till further orders.

In a conversation between colonel Melville, Charles, and serjeant M'Leod, concerning the mystery which led them to Lochaber, the serjeant acknowledged, that the woman whom they saw in Glen Nevis was his mother; but had uniformly refused to give him any information concerning his father, of whom he was totally ignorant; and that he had good reason for believing that his mother, if alive, would

know where Amelia was to be found; for that she had every year made a journey to the low country, which he came to understand was to ascertain the existence of a lady, whom, he feared, she had deeply injured in early life. Of these particulars she had never informed him; but he had made the discovery during occasional fits of abstraction and mental derangement, to which she was subject; and these, he was sorry to say, seemed to proceed from a deep sense of guilt, which oppressed her mind, and would sometimes produce paroxysms, in which, apparently mistaking him for his father, she would accuse him of having ruined her, both soul and body. From this dreadful distress his absence generally relieved her, as his presence never failed to increase her mental agony. These circumstances had induced him to place her under the care of a relation of her own, near Creiff, and then enlist for a soldier. By a letter which he had received some months before leaving America, she was alive, but in ill health. He concluded with

declaring his readiness to conduct them to her, or at least to use every effort for finding her retreat, and also for discovering that secret upon which so much of captain Melville's happiness depended.

The candour of this relation left no room for questioning the narrator's veracity; and it was agreed that the whole party should take their passage, by sea, either to Trimmingburgh or Shuttledale, as they might find a vessel; then see their friends at Glenthorn; after which, they would lose no time in proceeding to Creiff. Mr. Graham, who knew the topography of the country, could not altogether approve of this circuitous route; but Charles said—" We shall lose very little time; and besides, being anxious to introduce you, my dear father, to those who have so long supplied your place, permit me to remind you, that they have been unfortunate since I left them; and I consider it my duty, under such circumstances, to visit them without delay."

" I neither will nor can make any op-

position to a plan arising from motives which, my dear son, do so much honour to your heart; only I could entreat, that we exercise no unnecessary delay."

Charles was perfectly sincere in the reasons that he had urged, although there was perhaps another, which he did not choose to mention, that had as much influence in his determination. Beechwood was in the immediate vicinity of Glenthorn, and thither his heart was drawn by irresistible attraction.

Lieutenant Sinclair had obtained leave of absence, and parted with his friends in London—Charles and he having exchanged addresses, with a mutual promise of correspondence.

A ship for Trimmingburgh being just ready to sail, they went on board, and had the pleasure of arriving in Scotland in safety and good health. Colonel Melville, Mr. Graham, and his son, hired a chaise immediately upon landing, anxious to get forward; but Dan, M'Leod, and Oscar, tired of confinement, preferred walking,

to stretch their limbs. The gentlemen stopped in Shuttledale only to change horses, as they did not wish to be recognised at present; but it was impossible to escape the notice, or evade the attentions, of the kind and affable landlady of the Buck's Head, who, after an indefinite number of courtsies and welcomes to Scotland, informed them that all friends were well, relating when Mrs. Melville and the young ladies had been in town, as also Mr. and Mrs. Angus, and much other gossip.

Colonel Melville could not pass his friends at Glenthorn. David and Ellen had observed the approach of the chaise, and both were at the door. Charles sprung out, and, quick as thought, was in the arms of Ellen, while she was exclaiming—"My son! my dear Charles!" An embrace equally affectionate, though less energetic, awaited him from Mr. Angus; while his father gazed in silent rapturous delight, as this tender and affectionate welcome evinced how dearly his son was

beloved, and how fondly he had been cherished. Colonel Melville, making due allowance for an ebullition of feeling, which he was delighted to see, and which he knew could not be suppressed, now stepped forward, and said—" And is there no welcome for me, who took away a schoolboy, and have brought him back a captain? However, I shall have my revenge, in depriving you of this darling son, by finding him another father; let me therefore have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Graham, the father of him whom we have long known and cherished by the name of Charles Melville."

For some time the emotions of the parties were too keen to find a ready utterance; after many cordial welcomes and salutations exchanged between them, Mr. Graham said—" I never can, and least of all at present, express my gratitude for your kindness to my son; but be assured I feel it."

Colonel Melville took Mr. Angus aside, conversing with him for a few minutes;

rejoining the party, he said—" We have much to talk of; but you may believe I am just now impatient to see my family. Captain Melville, you will oblige me by calling at Beechwood to-morrow about noon;" and springing into the chaise, he drove off.

Many tender inquiries were interchanged between these dear friends; and when Charles expressed his hopes of finding his mother, Ellen exclaimed—" Most sincerely do I wish that your filial attachment may be fully gratified, and your fondest hopes fulfilled! but never will I resign my title of mother—while we live, I will always consider you as my son."

" Yes, you shall always be my mother! can you for a moment doubt my affection?" cried Charles. " And oh, my kind, dear parent," addressing Mr. Angus, " think not, because I have found a father, that I shall ever love you less, or forget how much I owe to your kindness. But tell me of those embarrassments which you have experienced: my father, who

knows our obligations to you, has also been informed of your misfortunes, and is not only able and willing, but is most anxious to relieve you; therefore let no false delicacy withhold the communication, and banish immediately every melancholy idea upon the subject."

"We will talk of this afterwards," said Mr. Angus; "in the mean time, be assured that I entertain a proper sense of your kindness. Your most friendly letter from America, accompanied by one from colonel Melville, arrived when it seemed the crisis of my fate had approached; but we have just cause to bless Providence for raising friends around us."

Charles saw with regret that Mr. Angus appeared in ill health; for his misfortunes had preyed upon his mind, and, in spite of every endeavour to disguise it, he laboured under a heavy depression of spirits. Mrs. Angus had still all her wonted vivacity.

"Although yet scarcely personally acquainted," said Mr. Graham, "I hope our

hearts are not strangers to each other; and I beg that you will not only rely upon my friendship, but that you will take the earliest opportunity of giving me your confidence, and shewing me how I can effectually serve you."

Mr. Angus was deeply affected, and could only reply by extending his hand to Mr. Graham, and saying, with much emotion—"I thank you, sir; you shall know all."

Charles saw that the subject was distressing to his friend, and said—"How does the garden look? I long to resume my acquaintance with the trees and shrubs, my former favourites;" and rising, he walked out, accompanied by Ellen, the gentlemen talking at a distance behind them. The glances of Charles were soon directed to his darling woodbine, whose luxuriant growth had now entirely covered the stem of the poplar, around which it had wantonly twined.

"You see all is prospering," said Ellen; "but it could not be otherwise, for I have

discovered a charm upon the trunk of that tree, which could not fail to preserve it from blight, mildew, and the wintry tempest."

Being joined by the gentlemen, the subject was dropped; and they entered for some time upon general conversation. On their return through the garden, Ellen led her *protégé* into a separate walk, and then said—" Dear Charles, were you not much affected with the strange disappearance of Susan Tait? All of us were sadly grieved here; and although time has reconciled us to the loss, yet we have not forgotten her."

" She will appear again," said Charles, with an expressive smile, which Ellen particularly observing, a deep blush kindled upon her cheek, and, looking him full in the face, she cried—" Oh, my dear Charles, relieve my fears — I have had strange thoughts!—I find you know about this unfortunate girl. I hope—I trust nothing has happened that can be derogatory to her honour—or yours!"

"Oh no; keep your mind at ease, dear mother," replied Charles; and then relating to her a brief abstract of Susan's history, he informed her where she was at present; but requesting, for reasons that would soon be obvious to her, that it might remain a secret; and as Dan's arrival might now be expected, that she would upon no account lead him to believe that any thing farther was known concerning her; only to express her trust that she was still alive, and a confident hope that she would some day reappear, perhaps when least expected.

Elliot, the house-dog, now old and lazy, had been absent with one of the servants when the strangers arrived; upon his return, he seemed as if he had made a discovery in the court, flew into the house, taking his station at the parlour door, where he continued scratching, whining, and barking alternately; this being observed, all were silent, and the door was opened. Elliot rushed past every one till he reached Charles, upon whom he sprung,

clasping his shaggy paws about his neck, his reiterated, inarticulate sounds appearing so many imperfect attempts at speech, with every demonstration of joy that an irrational animal could exhibit; this extravagance he continued, while Charles returned his caresses, by clapping him and patting his head; the faithful animal still kept licking his hands, clasping his paws round his limbs, and latterly stretching himself on the floor, pillowing his head on the feet of his friend, and no entreaty could allure him from the spot.

The trio of pedestrians now arrived, Dan acting as their conductor. Aware that he would be uneasy till he saw his old friends, Dan was called in, and received a hearty welcome—both Mr. and Mrs. Angus expressing their happiness at his safe return.

"Ay," said Dan, "*ill-bred bairns are aye best heard at hame,* an' *hame's aye couthy.* I ha'e na gotten a shak' of a hand till now, except captain Melville's, that's gane to my heart sin' I left Glen

thorn. Tell me in a word—are you baith weel?" When satisfied of this, he said—"An' my sister, ken ye ony thing about her? I maun try an' see her the morn." They informed her that she was well; and after a pause, he said—"There was ane whom I left here, wha's been lang tint—I'm fleyed to speer; but it maun come—is there never nae word o' Susie?" and the poor fellow breathed short, his face coloured, and his voice faltered as he spoke.

Mrs. Angus, as she had been previously tutored, made such a reply as might serve to keep alive hope, without presently embarrassing her with further inquiries.

When about to retire, Dan said—"Oh, Mr. Angus, I've heard you say muckle in favour o' the poor neegers; but I didna think that ever I could ha'e had sic a warm heart to ane o' their birn, as I ha'e to the poor fallow wha's sittin' butt the house there: od he's steel to the backbane: though Oscar's face be black, yet I'm convinced his heart's as white as a

neep; an' he's as fond o' the father as I am o' the son."

Next morning, according to appointment, Charles prepared to wait upon colonel Melville at Beechwood; when about to depart, Mrs. Angus said, with an arch smile—"It looks like rain; you had better take a great-coat: I can hand you one from a closet here."

"Thank you, my kind mother; but I shall not want it just now," replied Charles, half blushing, and hastening away.

He met the colonel and Mrs. Melville upon the lawn; his welcome again to Beechwood from both was most kind and affectionate—Mrs. Melville complimenting him upon his healthy looks, and improved appearance. They proceeded to the house, and entering the parlour, found it occupied by Emma and Louisa, the others being in the garden. Charles had endeavoured to obtain a command over his feelings; but when he took Emma's extended hand, his own trembled, and he, al-

most unconsciously, pressed it to his lips. Emma now blushed in her turn, and both gazed upon each other in expressive silence; when the arch, but prudent Louisa, seeing their embarrassment, cried—"I can wait no longer! captain Melville, do you intend doing me the honour of recognising me? or must I find some one to announce me?" and taking his hand in both hers, she rattled away for some time, till her sister and the chevalier had recovered from their confusion.

"Well, captain," said Emma, "my father has informed us how deeply he is indebted to you, not only as a soldier, but also as a friend; permit me to thank you for your attentions to him, and also for the honour which you have done to the commission which I had the happiness of presenting to you: the devoted attachment you have uniformly shewn to my father entitles you to the esteem and regard of all his family. I have also a most sincere pleasure in congratulating you upon the discovery of your father, and hope

that your happiness will be completed by yet meeting a mother, equally worthy of your filial affection."

Charles, with much energy and animation, replied—"I should have been less than a man to have disgraced a commission which had been hallowed by passing through the hands of Miss Melville; the benediction which she so feelingly bestowed on the sacred charge, when I had the honour of receiving it from her hands, would have converted a poltroon into a hero; to me it has been blessed; it has led me to honour—to a father, and has procured for me the felicity of having my conduct approved of by her who put me in the path, and condescended to direct me on the way. If I have ever had the pleasure of being in any degree useful to colonel Melville, it has only been discharging a very trivial part of the obligations which I owe to him; but, exclusive of this, Miss Melville cannot have forgotten, that she, in the most solemn manner, committed

her father to my care; and for that reason alone, my life was at all times ready, if necessary, for his preservation. My pledge was also given, for the same purpose, to Mrs. Melville and Miss Louisa. If unredeemed, it has been only from the want of opportunity, and not from lack of inclination."

"I must affirm there has been no deficiency in either," cried the colonel; "and I frankly acknowledge myself as deeply indebted to you as my daughters are; for I owe you my life."

"My dear friend, do not oppress me with expressions of this nature; the thanks which I have just now received, and the applauses which have been bestowed upon my conduct, although far beyond any thing I have merited, are so pleasing, I will not say to my vanity, but to my heart, that my head is nearly turned, and I would most willingly encounter another seven years' campaign, to have the felicity of a similar reward."

"You are complimentary, captain," said

Emma, " and have acquired the art of appearing to set a value upon trifles."

" When I consider Miss Melville's approbation a trifle, I shall be indifferent to that of every one else."

" Still more gallant! upon my word, captain, you can flatter with a most easy and——pleasing address."

Charles blushed, and was about to reply, when Louisa cried—" A truce with bandying about compliments like shuttlecocks; I want to get the news; captain, you must have a budget that would delight us. You were a long while in quarters in England—did you meet any angels there—any blue-eyed automatons? You have been over good part of America, and can favour us with an account of the fashions, from the president's lady to the wife of an Indian chief, or the squaw in her leafy wigwam."

" If you expect all this from captain Melville," said her father, " you must give him another opportunity of making the

communication; for he and I have got some business to talk about just now."

"Well, father, that is very unkind," cried Louisa, "to treat your girls so, who have, during your long absence, lived, as it were, cooped up in a nunnery, where scarcely a beau ventured within the gates; I declare I was sometimes inclined to sally out, and invite the passers by; but was prevented by the prudence of my elder sister, who having the comfort of repeated visits from a gallant knight, shewed no sympathy for Anne and me, who were left to languish in cold neglect. I have heard of chevaliers disguising themselves as confessors; but I am now inclined to think that this visitor of Emma's was a confessor disguised as a knight; for he always contrived to put her in a fit of the vapours; and had she not had the good fortune to have had a couple of kind, condescending sisters, she must have died of the spleen."

"What a rattle you are, Louisa!" cried Emma, blushing.

"Why do you interrupt me?" said Louisa; "I was about to tell my father how cruel it was, the moment that a fine fellow comes in, to drag him away, or drive us out, which is just the same thing; but he forgets the father in the colonel, and, with an air of authority, calls out 'Attention!—to the right about—march!' and, obedient to the word of command, off scampers our soldier."

"It must be so to-day, Louisa; but I promise that you shall have another opportunity of taking captain Melville prisoner, when you may examine and cross-examine him, without any interruption from me; at present, captain, let us have a walk."

During their excursion, they talked of Mr. Angus's situation. He had been deeply involved with his brother, having granted acceptances, and endorsed bills, to a great amount. The affairs of the bankrupt were in a wretched state; he had speculated with just as little prudence as the gambler, who hazards his all upon the fall

of a die; his creditors were exasperated, and treated him with so little lenity that he committed suicide. They had also stripped David Angus of every thing, except his household furniture; the whole farm-stocking having been paid for to them, according to valuation. This, and the death of his brother, had plunged Mr. Angus into a state of melancholy, which was undermining his health, and there was reason for apprehending fatal consequences. Such was the subject of conversation between Charles and colonel Melville.

CHAPTER VI.

Sudden a spectre near me stands;
His eye is on me fierce and wild:
A child is in his bony hands;
It shrieks! oh heaven!
High heaves my breast, my pulses fail;
An icy coldness o'er me creeps;
Convulsive pangs my frame assail,
And burst the leaden chains of sleep.

DR. CURRIE.

The Stings of Conscience, and a Cure for past Sorrows.

WHILE Charles was at Beechwood, his father had been using the kindest endeavours to obtain the confidence of Mr. Angus, concerning his affairs, being most solicitous to set his mind at ease in that respect. But David Angus was of a reserved disposition, slow in giving his confidence, and still more reluctant to incur

obligations. It was perhaps the most bitter potion in his cup, that his misfortunes had become public; for he held it as a maxim, that the pity of the world in general was synonimous with its contempt. He was allowed by all who knew him to be a good man; but few thought him amiable; although it was generally agreed, that the longer and more intimately he was known, he was liked the better.

Ellen had many traits in her character of an opposite kind; she was perhaps too ready in giving her confidence; and although she had certainly far more pleasure in conferring than receiving an obligation, yet such was her view of the relative and reciprocal duties of society, that she considered the obligation to bestow mutual assistance equally binding upon all its members; and as she never conferred a favour, without endeavouring to make the obligation as light as possible, so her own pride was never hurt, when necessarily laid under obligation to another.

Mr. Graham had acquired a ready knowledge of the human heart; he saw that Mr. Angus shrunk from observation, while he internally brooded over his misfortunes; and although Mr. Graham wished to heal, he was afraid of giving pain by touching the wound; he feared also that it was too deep for being within the reach of medicine.

It was from Ellen that the necessary knowledge was to be obtained; but even this could not be effected instantly, and it appeared to him, that Charles would manage the business much better; he therefore took the first opportunity of requesting his son to lose no time in learning particulars. When Charles had obtained correct information, it amounted to this: that Mr. Angus's property was nearly one thousand pounds short of paying the claims made upon him by his brother's creditors; exclusive of which, the whole stocking on the farm had been paid for by colonel Melville's banker. Mr. Angus had obstinately refused touching a penny of

the money belonging to Charles, judiciously enough observing, that it might yet prove to be all that he had to depend on. He was also the depository of Dan's frugal savings, and Susan Tait's little fortune; but the moment that he embarked in his brother's affairs, he placed both sums in the bank, in the names of the respective owners. It will naturally be supposed, that a man of such undeviating rectitude would feel his misfortunes press heavily. However, as Mr. Graham was to depart soon, and his return being uncertain, he contrived, in the most delicate and private manner, to discharge the debt due to colonel Melville's banker; and also procured from his lawyer a list of all Mr. Angus's creditors, with the sums due to each. Not having time for getting a settlement and receipt from each individual of their number, he deposited with the lawyer bills on London to the amount of the whole, taking his receipt for the money, and an obligation to discharge the debts in question, without delay.

Colonel Melville had invited the whole family at Glenthorn to dine at Beechwood; but Mr. Graham was so impatient to seek his Amelia, that he prevailed upon Mr. Angus to walk with him to Beechwood, to make an apology for declining the invitation, promising to do himself that pleasure soon, when he hoped to have the additional happiness of introducing Amelia. Colonel Melville replied, that however glad he should have been of the company of his friends, he would not urge their stay; nay, he had a selfish interest in the recovery of Amelia; for it was his hot-headed folly that had parted her from Mr. Graham; he alone was the cause of all the evils that had followed in consequence; and he now felt, that the recovery of Mrs. Graham was necessary to his peace of mind.

Mr. Graham now arranged that he, Charles, and serjeant Macleod, should depart next morning, leaving Dan and Oscar at Glenthorn for the present. When ready to start, Mr. Graham put into the

hands of Mr. Angus a packet, containing the receipts and obligation from the banker and lawyer already mentioned, accompanied by the following letter; and immediately drove off, before Mr. Angus had time to break the seal.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The man who has acted the part not only of a friend, but of a parent to the son, ought not to consider himself a stranger to the father, although their personal acquaintance be but of yesterday. I know your delicate mind revolts from obligations; and it is to relieve you from their pressure, that I hand you the enclosed. Were it so that you were indebted to me, would you not have me for your sole creditor, rather than twenty others, such as you have lately had to do with? But this is not the case; for exclusive of a debt of gratitude, which can never be discharged, I am still your debtor, reckoning after the

manner of pounds, shillings, and pence men; and I now comply with the request of my son, and the impulse of my own feelings, not in discharging a debt, but in marking our sense of that which we have both incurred to you.

"Your dislike to favours cannot be greater than my antipathy to being troubled with thanks and ceremony. I have therefore taken this method, that my feelings may be spared, and that I may never have the unnecessary pain of hearing a word upon this subject. I am,

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your much obliged, and

"Most sincere friend,

"C. GRAHAM."

Had Mr. Graham and Charles been travelling for amusement, they would have highly enjoyed the scene before them; on one hand the extensive and beautiful vale of Strathearn, intersected with the serpen-

tine windings of the river, rich fields, and variegated meadows. On the other, waving woods, green hills clad with lowing herds and bleating flocks, while in the background, lofty mountains raised their towering heads; and from its being opposed to the sun, that softening into a delightful blue, emulated the sky, which seemed to curtain its towering summit. But one object alone occupied their minds; and they passed rapidly on, inattentive and almost insensible to the varied features of nature, which smiled around them.

Upon arriving at Creiff, the serjeant hastened to inquire for his mother; and soon returned with the information that she inhabited a small and solitary cottage, in a romantic glen, at a considerable distance from the town, to which he had procured a guide. When they came within view of the hut, it seemed overhung by a huge precipitous rock, " hoary, rugged, and bare," except where the stunted fir nodded on its summit, and the glossy ivy had begun to shoot its clasping tendrils along the

grey front. The roof of the cottage exhibited a variegated scene of green and yellow, from the different mosses which had rooted among the thatch; in the front was a small patch planted with coleworts, or, according to the vernacular language of the country, *green kale*, pining in a state of sickly vegetation, being overshaded with tall ashes and broad sycamores; a green plot of a few yards in breadth divided it from the river, which, at some distance above, tumbled over a steep rock with thundering noise; but here, having a more gentle descent, it glided along, with not unpleasant murmurs.

As they approached, they beheld an old woman, fantastically dressed, seated on a fragment of grey rock, which seemed to have been precipitated by some giant hand from the impending cliff. She was sheltered by a thick tuft of elder close behind her; while the small green plot already mentioned, studded with daisies, stretched like a carpet beneath her feet to the margin of the river.

"That is my mother," said Macleod; "she does not observe us."

The path led in an oblique direction, and they had an opportunity of remarking her motions; her dark ebon locks, interspersed with grey hairs, were matted and dishevelled, as they appeared from beneath a coarse linen coif; her neck was bare and scraggy, for the handkerchief which she had thrown over it was twisted, rather than spread, and partially covered a bosom withered and tawny; her arms were crossed upon her lap; her lank and skinny fingers intermingled; and she seemed as if singing in a melancholy strain, with plaintive cadence. The travellers were now almost close behind her, and, sheltered by the elder bush, heard the following stanzas.

"The days of auld are fled an' gane,
The tod has ta'en the dun deer's lair,
He beeks him in the gowden beam,
Nae wonder though my heart be sair:
The corbie-craw's upo' the tree,
The cushat doo can find nae rest;
Brak, brak, my heart; for it was me
Wha scared the sweet bird frae her nest.

"Wad he come hame wha's far awa',
An' bring that bonny doo to me;
An' drive the fause tod frae his ha',
My heart might syne find peace to die!
My lingerin' sands will never rin;
My weary pilgrimage is lang;
I steeped my soul in early sin,
An' mirk's the road that I've to gang."

She paused, heaved a deep sigh, and stretched out her withered hands to heaven, in a kind of solemn silence, which diffused a feeling of awe over the minds of Charles and his father; the serjeant had often seen her in these moods, and was therefore less alarmed. In a few minutes, she rested her elbow on the rock, leaning her head on her hand, with apparent composure. Macleod therefore made a sign to his companions to keep their places, while he stepped forward and stood before his mother; her eyes were red and haggard, and scalding tears were coursing down her wrinkled cheeks; so deeply was she engaged in mental cogitation, that she did not observe her son, till he approached to take her hand; when, starting, she cried—

"Who are you?—what do you want with me?"

"My dear mother," said Macleod, in a gentle voice, "do you not know your son? I am sorry to see you so poorly."

"What do you see poorly about me? you cannot look into the heart; but what brought you here? I never expected—never wished to see you again; you deserted me when earth disowned and heaven tormented me! an' did you come hame to see your mither? Oh, Donald, ye'll neither ha'e comfort nor credit of me—I'm ill baith in body an' mind!"

"You will get better, mother; I will stay and do my best to make you comfortable; it is no shame to be poor, and I can work."

"Na, na; nae shame o' being poor! I never kent misery till I sought to be rich; but I've never had an hour's happiness sinsyne. Oh an' alas! the waefu' day!"

"Mother, you alarm me."

"Leave me then; or prepare to hear—

what will congeal your blood; mine's frozen lang syne."

"Dear mother, take comfort; the infirmity of your body distresses your mind; but it will become calmer and easier as you recover your health, which I hope you will soon do."

"Hope! wha speaks o' hope to me? I've naething to hope for! it is five an' twenty year since I kent o' hope; an', waes me! it was a house biggit upo' the sand—a dream—a delusion of the devil to lead me to destruction. My doom is fixed, an' the time is near—ye'll soon see."

"Dear mother, trust in Providence, and pray to Heaven."

"Pray! why should I pray? I hardened myself against Heaven, an' defied hell; but the day is come when truth maun prevail. Last night I was visited by your father; the salt water was dripping from his locks; his eyes flashed with blue unearthly light, and the foam of the ocean frothed upon his lips; his breath was colder than the frost from Ben Lawers;

he laid his hand upon my breast, an' chilling ice shot through every vein. In a voice like the thunder, when it murmurs among the distant mountains, he said—'Prepare!—your hour is near; and if you would not dwell with me for ever, repent. Seek him whom you basely deserted: restore him to his lawful inheritance. Go to her whom you robbed; give her back her son, for whom she has lived in sorrow. Pray for that mercy which I never sought till the agonies of death were tearing my heart. You have a son; let him not add his curse to augment the punishment of his father! Confess your crimes and mine; you have yet time to make retribution; but the hour is near—my dwelling is darkness; if you would not approach—if you would not enter, remember!' and he melted away before my sight, like the blue mist in the beams of the morning sun. I shook with agony; my hair stood upright, and cauld sweat started from every pore. But alas! my heart is frozen; I cannot pray; my brain

is withered; an' the last tears I shall ever shed have now wetted my cheeks. Yet can it be possible, that Heaven has sent you in the dreadful hour? You have often seen my sufferings—oh, they were nothing to what I now feel!"

"Oh, mother, be comforted! I will pray for you."

"First go!—fly!—fetch him to me; seek the world till you find him—fetch him here! and then pray."

"Whom shall I seek?—whom shall I bring, mother?"

"Who but Charles Graham! whom you saw in Lochaber—but I rave, he is in America; but go! his mother is near—bring her—bring Amelia Forrester to me! if there is a mortal voice on this side the grave, that can chase despair from my soul, it is hers, injured saint! Oh, if I could crawl upon my knees, I would confess my sins against her and righteous Heaven, in tears of blood! for her presence, I think, would yet thaw my frozen heart; and then I would die at her feet."

While the wretched woman was relating this horrid dream, she resembled the ancient Pythia in being elevated beyond herself; but the deep sense of guilt which evidently oppressed her soul, soon sunk her into a stupor both of body and mind, which rendered her insensible to external objects. Her son, who had seen her in similar situations, knowing that she would soon recover, requested his friends to keep out of the way for a little, till he should prepare her for the interview. He then conducted her into the humble cabin, she being still entirely passive, and although able to walk, unconscious of every thing around her. In a little time she began to recover her senses, and observing her son standing before her, she started and cried —"It was nae dream then! an' you are really here! My heart's sair, an' my head crazed—I scarcely ken sleeping by waking. Whan did you come, Donald? you've been lang awa', bairn."

"Yes, mother; but I'll not leave you again."

"Your task winna be lang now; an' yet there's muckle to do—o'er muckle for a sinner—a wretch like me! Will you pray for me? But did you ever plot against the innocent, rob your mistress of her all, sell her to her enemies, an' then desert the helpless? Oh! if you've done this you needna pray, for Heaven winna hear you; but if you can, oh pray for me! that my mistress an' her bairn may forgive me; that I may hope for mercy from Heaven, die in peace, an' be forgotten for ever!"

"Did you not wish to see Charles Graham, mother?"

"Ay, but that's imposssible."

"Not at all; he came home with me from America. I am a serjeant in the company of which he is captain."

"And where is he then?"

"He is in the neighbourhood; he came here to seek you, to obtain information about his mother, and make you happy."

"Happy! dinna talk o' happiness for

me; yet he will speak peace, for his mither was—an angel, and I was—a devil. But oh, Donald, fly! fetch him here! it's lang sin' I saw him now; he has his mither's e'e, an' a voice that I'll never forget. But if ye dinna mock me, bring him while the sun sheens, for night will now soon come—and, oh! the last was terrible!"

"Dear mother, be easy a few minutes, and you shall see him."

Donald went out, and found the father and son walking impatiently in the vicinity of the cottage; they had heard sufficient to agitate their minds, which were now racked with anxiety. Donald requested Mr. Graham not to appear for a little, lest his presence should overawe his mother, and ushering in Charles, he said—"Dear mother, I have brought you a friend; this is Charles Graham."

She gazed wildly upon the captain, and said—"I think it's the dear bairn; but speak, an' I'll ken you."

"Good woman," replied Charles, "you cannot fail of knowing me; I saw you in

Aberdeenshire, when your roof sheltered me and my friend from the storm; we again met you in Lochaber—in Glen Nevis—but you know this watch?"

She gave a hurried glance, and cried wildly—"Oh, take it away! hide it in the grave! no, not in the grave—bury it where I can never come! But I am satisfied you are Charles, the poor injured, deserted innocent! Will you—can you forgive me? Will you bid my poor withered frame sink into the grave in peace?—and will you pray for my poor sinful soul?"

"Yes, I will do all that man can do for you, the moment that you enable me to find my mother."

"Your mother! ay, true, you had a mother! I forgot; oh that I could forget for ever! I first sinned against her, and completed my guilt by deserting you!—Yes, I will enable you to find her, upon one condition, and that only."

"Name it."

"That you bring her here, for me to

kneel at her feet, be forgiven, and die; I cannot go to her. I am decrepid and helpless, not with age, but with a heavy wearisome load of guilt. Will you fetch her?—do you promise? Give me your word, and I will believe it—but do not swear; there was one who swore to me, and he was a villain!"

"Well, I promise that my mother shall visit you, provided she can bear the fatigue of the journey."

"Enough! I am satisfied. Go to Perth, inquire for Mr. Somerville, teacher; he will conduct you to your mother—ay, to Amelia Forrester! or at least, tell you where she is to be found."

"By what name does Mr. Somerville know her? and is he acquainted with any part of her history?"

"Your mother is always known by the name of Mrs. Graham, and resides with Mr. Somerville's sister."

"And may I rely upon all this? Is there no mistake—no evasion? My gratitude shall be ample for a discovery, but

my vengeance would be most vindictive were I to find myself deceived."

"Evasion! no! but this is part of the punishment which accompanies guilt, never to be believed. Yet think not that I can now dare to deceive, though too late to do good—my sins are heavy enough already; if you knew the weight that lies upon my heart, you would pity—you would trust me. As to your gratitude, the only reward in your power is, that you and your mother should forgive me; and there is but one punishment that you could inflict—but that would indeed be terrible—to deny me that forgiveness; to every thing else that is reckoned good or evil on earth, I am wholly indifferent. But why do you stop here now? go! see your mother! I am as impatient to see her as you can be. Should she refuse to come, I am lost for ever!"

Mr. Graham had been a secret auditor during this interview, feeling deeply for the poor creature's anguish of mind; and from the excitement which she had expe-

rienced, he was afraid of the consequences upon her reason; therefore, requesting of her son to sooth her mind by every possible means, and upon no account to leave her alone, he and Charles set off for Perth without a moment's delay.

Waiting upon Mr. Somerville, they found that his sister and Amelia kept a day school for young ladies, and that they also had a few boarders. It did not seem prudent that Mr. Graham should appear before Amelia, till she should in some degree be prepared to expect him; he therefore retired to the inn, while Charles, with palpitating heart, hastened to meet that mother, whom having once seen, he had never forgotten. He was shown into a small but neat drawing-room, and Mrs. Graham made her appearance. Charles had placed his face to the light, that his features might be fully in view, and a single glance of hers lighted up in him a glow, which tingled through his whole frame.—"I wait upon you, madam," said he, much embarrassed, "respecting a young

girl, a friend of mine, whom I am solicitous to place under your care and protection as a boarder."

"I am sorry to say, sir," replied Mrs. Graham, "that we have no room for her at present, our little establishment being full."

"This is a serious disappointment to me, for I had particular reasons for wishing her under your care."

"Oh sir, there are several boarding-houses in town, where she may be very well accommodated; and as you have been pleased to express a partiality for me, we can take her as a day scholar."

While Mrs. Graham was speaking, she had fixed her eyes full upon her visitor, and it was evident that she felt considerable emotion.

Charles replied—"Madam, you must take her! she cannot be so well any where else; I have fixed my heart upon her being here. Like myself, she is an orphan; and I, who have never known a mother's love, feel for her. I wish you to be a

mother to this unprotected orphan; for of all the women I have ever seen, I feel that I should prefer you for a mother."

Amelia was previously agitated, and the emotion with which Charles had spoken increased the confusion of her mind, and she, with faltering tone, said—"We have certainly met before this, sir."

"Yes, madam, more than seven years ago; I had the happiness of being your companion from Hawick to Langholm, and there, permit me to say, I felt the sorrow of separation."

Amelia gazed on him for some time in silence, her bosom heaving with breathless agitation; at length she exclaimed—"Merciful Heaven!—speak, sir!—who are you?"

"Be not alarmed, dear lady; my name is Charles—I am a foundling. I have long sought a mother, and my heart acknowledges you—let this prepare you to sanction my claim;" and he pulled the ring from his finger, presenting it upon one knee, and kissing her hand.

"It is the gift of my husband!" cried Amelia, "but was stolen from me! How or where did it come into your hands?"

"My story is strange and long. Look at that watch! Barbara Gray left these with me, at a farm-house in the country. But oh, relieve my heart, and say that you are my mother!"

"My Charles—my son! I am indeed your mother—my heart confirms the evidence you have produced. Heaven be praised for thus rewarding my sufferings!"

After some time passed in raptures too ecstatic for description, Charles led her to speak of his father, whom she deeply lamented, but believed to be dead. Charles, with much caution, stated that he had been in America—seen and known his father, who was still alive, and would soon return to Britain.

Having at last admitted that Mr. Graham was just now in Scotland, Amelia exclaimed—"Where? Let me fly to

him! But he must be here! Oh, I see it all! If you knew where to seek me, he would not have staid behind; and you prepare me gradually to meet him, as you disclosed yourself; but I am prepared, and the only distress I can suffer will be till I see him! Oh take me to his arms, and let my happiness be complete!"

Charles now requested his mother to be calm, and she should, in less than half an hour, see his father in good health, and nothing but her presence wanting to make his happiness perfect. A note was dispatched to Mr. Graham, who was most anxiously waiting the delightful summons. There are joys as well as griefs, which defy the power of the pen or pencil; we shall therefore imitate the Grecian painter, by veiling the tender but sacred scene which now ensued.

Imagination may conceive the feelings of the parties. When hope had almost subsided into despair, Amelia had suddenly found herself in the arms of the husband of her youth, while the babe whom she

dandled upon her knee, and fondled in her bosom, stood before her in the bloom of youth and dignity of manhood, vested with the badge of military rank and honour. Mr. Graham, after having long and bitterly deplored the loss of her who had once constituted his greatest earthly bliss—after he had believed her sunk to the grave, degraded and contaminated, found her again restored, pure and spotless. Charles, who had believed himself "a waif on nature's wide common," doomed never to know a parent's love, and by his hapless fate, prohibited from indulging the only hope that could render life desirable, beheld himself blessed with parents, whose virtues and sufferings endeared them to his heart, and whose rank in life encouraged the indulgence of that passion with which he had so long struggled. Thus mutually blessing and blessed sat this family of love.

CHAPTER VII.

There surely is some guiding power,
That sees and suffers wrong;
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour,
But Virtue late and long.

CAMOENS, *by Lord Strangford.*

The Sufferings of a Wife, and the Sorrows of a Mother.

THERE is an excess of delight which is too keen for producing happiness; and such was the state of those with whom we parted at the close of the last chapter. After their transports had in some degree subsided, Mr. Graham expressed his anxiety to hear some outline of what had happened to Amelia since their separation, as his mind was racked with conjectures concerning the villany of his cousin, that diabolical miscreant, who must undoubtedly have practised upon her credulity.

"The recollection is painful to me," said Amelia, "and the recital will be not less so to you, my dear husband; I shall therefore endeavour to be as brief as is consistent with perspicuity. You may doubtless find cause to blame my credulity, but, I trust, will have none for doubting the rectitude of my intentions."

"I have been so credulous myself—so much the dupe of his vile machinations, that I cannot for a moment suppose your prudence to blame; of the purity of your heart I can have no doubt."

"It will be needless," said Amelia, "to repeat what I felt at our painful separation—your own heart will sufficiently inform you. Your letter, announcing your safe arrival, was the first relief to my melancholy; and your next, being all that I ever received, added still farther to my comfort; and I had resolved upon coming out to you as soon as our darling Charles was weaned. During all this time, your cousin had conducted himself towards me not only with kindness, but with the

most polite and delicate attention, apologizing for seeing me so seldom, by remarks upon the censoriousness of the world, and the respect that was due to my character, from the delicacy of my situation.

"I had calculated, that in less than three months I should be on my way to meet you, when one day your cousin called; I saw that something oppressed his mind, and instantly became alarmed, anticipating bad news from you. After much apparently prudent and tender preparation, he announced the dreadful tidings of your death, and put into my hands a ship letter, bearing the Plymouth postmark, and addressed to him; in this letter, the writer said that you had been seized with a fever, and died on the fourth day.

"This dreadful news threw me into a fever; but by the attentions of a careful nurse and a judicious medical attendant, both of whom had been provided by your cousin, I so far recovered as to be able to sit up; but my physician pronounced it

essentially necessary that I should remove to the country, as soon as I could bear the journey, for I was exceedingly weak and nervous.

"Charles had been weaned at the commencement of my illness; and had it not been for his sake, I believe I should have persisted in refusing to leave London, that I might have died and been at rest; but for him I was still willing, and felt it a duty to live.

"Your cousin was the only person who took any interest in my affairs, and he procured lodgings for me at Barnet, after having consulted with the physician, whether the exposure of the situation would suit the delicacy of my constitution. I had very good accommodation upon reasonable terms; and my landlord's family being kind and obliging, rendered my situation every way agreeable. Several months passed away; and although my spirits continued depressed, my health was improved.

"Your cousin was now in business for

himself, and, as he said, succeeding beyond his most sanguine expectations. His friendship and attentions seemed to increase every time that I saw him, and his visits were frequent, during which he seemed to delight in prolonging his stay, and behaved to me with a tenderness of manner which made me somewhat uneasy.

"Why should I prolong the disgusting tale? He made proposals of marriage; but with such respectful delicacy, that although they hurt my feelings, and were most decidedly refused, it was impossible for me to appear offended. He seemed much affected by the determined negative I had given, and my prohibition from ever again mentioning the subject; and earnestly soliciting my pardon for wounding my feelings, which he found were yet too susceptible, begged leave to continue my friend. To this I consented, while he observed my interdict. He had visited me twice after this, adhering to the stipulations agreed upon, treating me with the

tenderness of a brother, and the delicacy due to a sister.

"As my distance from London rendered it sometimes inconvenient for procuring money when wanted, your cousin advised me to lodge my money in Barnet, where it would be equally safe, and better adapted for my accommodation, till he and I could invent some plan how it could be employed most for my advantage. Approving of this, I gave him a check upon my banker for the whole, which he promised to bring in a few days, and vest in Barnet in my name before his departure. Next week he called, and put the money into my hands, saying it was too late to lodge it that day; and as he had some business to transact at St. Alban's, he would ride forward, stop there all night, and return next day in good time to settle the business.

"I was in the practice of taking a gentle anodyne before going to bed, as had been recommended by my physician; this was always prepared by Barbara, while I

was undressing Charles, which I preferred doing myself. That night my draught seemed to taste stronger than usual; however, imagining that it proceeded from the keenness of my palate, I thought no more about the matter, but went to bed, and soon fell asleep.

"Upon awaking late in the morning, I was surprised to find that Charles was not with me; but observing, by the sun upon my window, that it was much later than usual, my first thought was, that Barbara had taken the child when he awoke, and permitted me to sleep. I called repeatedly, but received no answer. I sprung from my bed—slipped on a wrapper, and saw my child's clothes lying on a chair.

"Alarmed, I ran to inquire concerning my boy. None of the family had seen my servant during the morning, and they were sure she had not gone out since daylight. They entered the house with me, and being more collected than I was, shewed me that my wardrobe stood open, also a small drawer in a desk that stood in

the room—it was there that I had deposited the money which I had received on the preceding day. All was gone! but at that moment I thought only of my child—my dear Charles. In a word, the watch which you had fondly left me, a casket, containing a few trinkets, and the ring, the pledge of your love, which I wore upon my finger, all were carried off. It was obvious, from Barbara's disappearance, that she was the spoiler, and that many hours had elapsed since her departure, and little hope could be indulged of her detection.—'Oh,' cried I, 'let me but recover my Charles! I am indifferent about aught else!'

"My kind and sympathizing neighbours went different ways in pursuit—my landlady and her daughter continuing with me, for I was too ill to be left alone. Your cousin arrived about noon, and found me frantic: he essayed to comfort me; but I refused to be comforted, for my child was gone.

"Advertisements were inserted in the

daily papers—handbills circulated—rewards offered—and ultimately the restoration of the child requested, and no questions should be asked—all was in vain!

"Grief now produced a brain fever, and I was for several weeks delirious, knowing no one, and unconscious of all that was passing around me. When reason slowly returned, I impiously regretted the acquisition, for I had now no child, and was 'steeped in poverty to the very lips.'

"Your cousin visited me twice a-week, and my landlord's family were kind and attentive; still my mind was occasionally unsettled, and the gloomy prospect that lay before me filled it with horror. Even now I shudder upon recollecting how I accused Providence of injustice, in exposing me to what I considered unmerited suffering, of which I could see no termination. In this mood I resolved upon closing the scene; and for this impious purpose I walked out early on a morning, to a pond in a field at some distance from the house.

"Before I could reach the spot where I had resolved upon executing my fatal purpose, it was necessary to pass a cottage, inhabited by a labourer and his family; as I approached, dreadful screams were issuing from it, and I involuntarily stopped nearly opposite to the door, when I heard a voice, which I knew to be that of a boy whom I had seen, remonstrating thus with his parent—'Father, you say you love me!'

'Yes, William; Heaven knows how dearly I love you.'

'Then why will you torment me thus? Why put that burning stuff in my eyes? I had no pain in them before; but you will drive me mad. I am also blinded. You are not a loving father; you are unjust—a monster of cruelty!'

'My dear child, what you think cruelty, is produced by my affection for you. I put you to this pain for your future good; there is a spot upon your eye, which would grow larger, till it would make you blind. I wish to remove it.

Blame me not for want of fatherly love, if I put you to some pain; but be assured, although you should not see the purpose, that every thing I do to you is intended for your future happiness.'

'Well, father, I submit; but oh be merciful! pour not in too much at once; think what I can bear!'

"This simple dialogue reached to my heart; instead of proceeding to the pond, I turned back, musing thus with myself —'And am not I still the child of my Heavenly Father? and does not he know better what is for my future happiness? Shall I question his justice or his love, because he has not declared the purpose for which I am just now afflicted?'

"I hastened home—entered my chamber—fell upon my knees, and in the language which the little boy had taught me, prayed—'Father, I submit! Oh, be merciful! Tempt me not beyond what I can bear!'

"Days—weeks now passed, in which I took no note of time; and I scarcely re-

collect a circumstance that occurred, except the occasional calls of your cousin, who had now expended a considerable sum of money upon my account.

"My mind so far recovered from its lethargy as to recollect this, and also that I was still living the idle pensioner of his bounty. This gave a stimulus to my torpid feelings, and I firmly resolved at once to exert all my powers in providing for myself, in however humble a situation. The next time that your cousin called, I mentioned this to him, requesting his advice and assistance in obtaining a place. He expressed his astonishment, how I could for a moment indulge the thought of thus degrading myself, when I had it in my power to do so much better. He then proceeded to say, that the unfortunate circumstance that had occurred, and which he joined with me in deploring, although it had made no alteration in his affections, yet he considered it as having released him from the promise of silence on a certain subject, as I had now much

more occasion for a comforter and legal protector; and it was the most earnest wish of his heart to be both, and devote his life to my future felicity.

"Although his language was as respectful as ever, yet there appeared to me, for the first time, something in his manner which was disagreeable to my feelings; but I endeavoured to persuade myself that the difference was in my irritable state of mind; however, I resolved upon scrutinizing his looks and weighing his words on his next visit.

"He came back in a few days; I was in want of a little money, and while my heart revolted from the painful task, I felt the necessity of applying to him, but with a firm resolution that, happen what would, it should be for the last time; he most readily gave me more than I had asked, and before his departure began to urge his disagreeable suit, not only with greater earnestness, but with a seeming confidence and want of delicacy which he had never before evinced. My refusal only served

to increase his importunity, and at last I burst into tears; he seemed much moved, and began to plead the violence of his passion, which rendered it impossible to live without me, endeavouring also to direct my thoughts to my own helpless situation; and begging of me to weigh his proposals deliberately and dispassionately against his return, when he hoped I would have thought of the matter with more complacency.

"On the morning of the second day after this, I received a letter, dated from a village about seven miles distant, saying, that a woman with a child, supposed to be mine, had been detained there, and requesting that I would come and see the child. I took no time to deliberate, but prepared to set out immediately, and as I was now a beggar, resolved upon walking the distance. My landlord's family were all out; therefore, leaving word with the servant that I should be back in the afternoon, I departed.

"Upon arriving at the village, I found upon inquiry that the writer of the letter was absent; that a woman and child had been there, and that some person said it might be mine; but that the woman having found people in the village to whom she was known, it was thought unnecessary to detain her. Vexed and disappointed in not being able to find any one who could describe the woman and her child, I was walking irresolute along the street, when I was met by your cousin, who informed me that he had just arrived on the same errand; having received a letter similar to mine. We pursued our inquiries together, but with no better success. Your cousin then expressed his determination to wait the return of the letter-writer, which was hourly expected. It began to rain heavily, and he suggested that as I could not walk home in such a rain, and would doubtless wish to hear the description of the vagrants referred to in the letter, it would be proper to retire to the inn. Here he blamed me much, and with

apparent tender interest, for endangering my delicate health by making such a journey on foot. Our conversation next turned upon what had brought us both here, and he declared his resolution of sifting the matter thoroughly, before he left the village. I had not forgotten my previous observations upon his conduct; but when I now began to reflect upon the interest he seemed to take in my health, the assiduity with which he had come hither, and the zeal with which he seemed determined to investigate a subject which he knew was dearest to my heart, I felt a glow of gratitude pervade my bosom, blaming myself for the opinion I had lately formed of him, and believing that I must have been mistaken.

"The rain continued to fall in torrents; it became late in the afternoon, and he insisted upon ordering dinner; my opposition was overcome, and we made a comfortable meal; after which he pressed wine upon me, but with most respectful solici-

tude, and I was prevailed with to have some negus. When nearly night, the gentleman for whom we had waited arrived, but the description which he gave of the woman and child was in no degree applicable, either to Charles or his treacherous nurse.

"As it still continued to rain heavily, I was reduced to the alternative of either taking a chaise, or remaining for the night; I preferred the former, but the chaises were all out, and I was obliged to remain till one came in. We had tea, but I became impatient, which increased into alarm, although I knew not for what reason. After it was quite dark I was informed that the chaise was ready, when your cousin insisted upon accompanying me home; this was what I had in some degree feared, and I meditated giving him the slip before we started; but when I saw the midnight darkness, and the driver apparently intoxicated, my courage failed me, and I allowed him to enter and seat himself beside me.

"No sooner were we clear of the village, than he resumed the old subject, in a style peculiarly offensive; then affecting to be tipsy, he began to take such freedoms that, dark as it was, I would have sprung from the carriage had he not confined me in his odious arms. I repeatedly called out to the driver, entreating him to stop; but he, I presume, had his cue, and paid no attention.

"My companion had now so far thrown off the mask, that there was no possibility of mistaking his purpose, nor of conjecturing any means of escape, for the night was dismally dark and stormy, and no passengers appeared on the road. I had remonstrated, and vainly endeavoured to sooth him; his impertinences were again renewed, when my indignation being roused, I spoke my mind most freely, with all the dignity of insulted virtue. My firmness awed him for a little; the carriage crept slowly, owing to the darkness of the night; and my companion imagining that my resentment had cooled, sued

for pardon, pleading passion and intoxication as his apologies. I had begun to wonder at the time we had been upon the road, and also that I had not perceived the lights of a hamlet through which we had to pass about midway on our short journey. While thus musing, the chaise dragged so slowly for a minute or two, that it seemed almost to stand still. Your cousin called to the driver, inquiring what was the matter; who replied, that something was wrong; but he would dismount and put it to rights. After some examination, he called out with apparent alarm, that one of the wheels was broken, and it would be impossible to proceed. Your cousin descended to examine the wreck, swearing at the driver for not having his chaise in better order; at the same moment I saw by the chaise lamp which the driver held in his hand, that even while your cousin was pouring out execrations, he gave the driver a sly wink, and the smile of malignant triumph glistened in his eye. I was now requested to sit steady

and hold by the inside straps, as the carriage would lean to one side while they took off the broken wheel; but your cousin proposed that I should come out. I was now seriously alarmed, believing the whole a plot against me for the basest of purposes; before they had settled the point whether I should come out, I heard a voice say—'What is the matter, gentlemen?' and it seemed to me to be that of my landlord. My heart palpitated, and I listened to catch his next accents; when, my hopes being confirmed, in a transport of joy I exclaimed from the front window of the chaise—'Dear Mr. Clifton, is that you?'

'What, my friend Mrs. Graham!' replied the hardy yeoman: 'I am sorry to find you in this plight; we must see and get things put to rights—let me see what is broke.'

"By the reflection of the light on your cousin's face, I saw rage and disappointment writhing every feature of his countenance.

'Oh, Mr. Clifton, I will now walk home on your arm!' cried I eagerly.

'What, walk half a score of miles in a night like this! that is more than I intended; but let us examine your crazy vehicle!'

"I was about to express my astonishment and indignation, but had the prudence to suppress it for the present. An altercation now took place between Mr. Clifton and the driver—the former affirming that he saw not a flaw wrong about the carriage, except a cracked spoke in one of the fore wheels, which appeared to have been in that state long ago. Your cousin took no part in the dispute, but seemed in a high passion at the driver, who, he said, was so drunk, that he did not know what he was doing, and had fairly lost his way.

'Are you on your way home, Mr. Clifton?' cried I.

'No, Mrs. Graham; this is not the road home; I intended to stop at the first inn all night on account of the storm.'

'But you say our chaise is sound, and may be safely trusted.'

'Yes, yes, you may ride with perfect confidence, in as far as the chaise is concerned—for men and horses I cannot answer,' said he.

'Well then, that is enough,' cried I, with great warmth and earnestness; 'come here, and take your seat beside me.'

'You are very kind, Mrs. Graham, and I must acknowledge I am very willing to be at home to-night; but mayhap I shall be an intruder.'

'No, no, good Mr. Clifton!' cried I; 'see that all is right there, and take your seat that we may drive on.'

"I saw clearly that your cousin was disappointed in his plan, and displeased with the arrangement which I had now made; however, he said nothing. I again called upon Mr. Clifton to enter, in a tone which produced his immediate compliance; and seating myself in one corner, requested Mr. Clifton to leave the other for Mr. Graham, who preferred a corner.

"Your cousin seemed in no talking mood, although he complimented the yeoman for our getting forward, as he was no judge in these matters, and the driver had affirmed the wheel was broken; besides, it was evident that the fellow had lost his way, as Mr. Clifton had made him take another direction, for all which your cousin offering his thanks, sat afterwards silent.

"We reached Barnet without any further accident; my kind landlord prevented your cousin's intention of handing me out, who therefore contenting himself with shaking my hand, said he should proceed to the inn and take a conveyance to London.

'Ay, but take a friend's advice, and see that the wheels are all sound, before you set out, sir!' said Mr. Clifton in a tone of irony.

"Mr. Clifton having led me into his own house, gave me in charge to his wife and daughter, saying, that he would join us in a little. The insults I had endured

in the carriage, and the alarm that I had experienced before we were joined in so providential a manner by my landlord, with my subsequent reflections upon the danger I had escaped, had agitated my whole frame, and my emotion was visible in my countenance; add to this, that my head-dress was disordered, and my hair dishevelled.

"Mrs. Clifton saw the disorder of my spirits, and kindly allowed me time to compose myself. During my ride with Mr. Clifton, I had made up my mind to unbosom myself without reserve to this worthy family, from whom I now saw the necessity of separation, and their advice and assistance would be necessary; for, except themselves, I felt that I had not a friend on earth; and was deeply in debt to a villain, from whose persecutions and machinations there was no escape, but hiding myself where he should be unable to trace me. Most fortunately, or as I ought rather to say, by the blessing of Providence, my spirits rose and my forti-

tude increased, in proportion as my misfortunes thickened around me; and I felt that my future deliverance could not be more miraculous, than my escape had that night been, from the danger with which I was threatened.

"I then informed Mrs. Clifton where I had been, the object of my journey, and the disappointment of the hopes which it had created. The good woman shook her head, and said, she was afraid my dear Charles was not to be so easily discovered. The observation startled me, as it implied that she had some information, or had formed some conjecture, concerning the mysterious affair, and I implored her to explain her meaning.

'I hardly know how to take the freedom,' said Mrs. Clifton, 'and yet I feel it my duty to mention a circumstance which has come to my knowledge only today. But permit me in the first place to ask, whether you have perfect confidence in the sincerity and friendship of Mr. Graham, who often visits you?'

"I should not have been surprised at that question from her husband, but knowing that she had had no conversation with him since his arrival, I was much alarmed, and in a faltering voice said—'Oh, Mrs. Clifton, tell me, why that question?'

'Because, in a word, I cannot help thinking him concerned, or rather the principal in this vile business.'

'You astonish me!'

'Has he not a stout-looking young fellow of a servant?'

'Yes, you have seen him here repeatedly.'

'Well, a man answering his description, accompanying a woman who appears to have been Barbara, and bearing a child, was met several miles distant from this, travelling northward, on the night that your Charles was lost. Your Barbara was also seen in company with a gentleman, dressed like Mr. Graham, in the twilight that evening; and soon after she met his servant, and had a private conversation

of some length with him. Now do you know, or can you conceive any probable reasons that Mr. Graham could have for depriving you of your child and fortune? You will, I am sure, forgive my suspicions if I wrong your friend, as you must be better able to judge.'

"My brain began to whirl—a host of dreadful images rushed upon my mind—I became sick at heart, and, in agony, cried —'Oh, Mrs. Clifton! he is a villain—a demon!'

'Was he not in the chaise with you just now? and where, or how, did you meet my husband?'

'I have a strange tale to tell when Mr. Clifton comes in, for I shall want his best advice.'

"But I get too minute—Mr. Clifton soon entered, and inquiring about where I had been when he met me on the road, evidently in much alarm, I told him of my journey, and what had detained me.

'And do you know,' said he, 'that you were not then on the road to Barnet,

but at a greater distance than when you set out?'

'I had begun to suspect this,' said I, 'before you came up; but oh, sir, from what have you not saved me! for some hellish plot was formed, and, but for your appearance, I had been its victim!'

'Why, I thought so before the chaise started; I saw that the driver only feigned to be drunk, and that he and Mr. Graham perfectly understood each other. But still, I am at a loss—I thought Mr. Graham was your trusty friend; he took much interest about you during your illness, and I have since seen that he is a regular visitor.'

"I then gave Mr. Clifton an abstract of my story, with Mr. Graham's proposals and behaviour to me; also referring him to Mrs. Clifton for what she had related before he came in; and concluded by soliciting his advice, as I had no friend to whom I could apply.

'This is indeed a strange story,' said he, 'and I have little hesitation in pronouncing Graham an arrant scoundrel!

In your situation it is rather difficult to give sound advice—I must consult my pillow upon the subject; it is, perhaps, little that I can do to serve you, but you may rely upon my friendship for what it can effect.'

"Miss Clifton was my companion for the night, and next morning while at breakfast with the family, I received a letter from Mr. Graham, in which he apologized for the *little innocent freedoms* of last night, which seemed needlessly to have alarmed me; he then endeavoured to account for our having lost the way from the intoxication of the driver; but to prove that he had no intentions towards me but such as were strictly honourable, he again made offer of his hand; but this was the last effort he should make to subdue my proud heart, which he hoped would now prompt me to see my own interest; but if, unfortunately for both, his suit should still be rejected, I must certainly excuse him, if he declined being at any farther expence upon my account, as also for reminding me that I was already indebted to him upwards of thirty pounds; and

concluded by trusting that my reply to this would either accept his offer, or remit immediate payment of his account.

"Had any thing been possibly wanting to confirm my resolution, this was now sufficient. I instantly handed the infamous epistle to Mr. Clifton, which having read—'Ay, this is to the point,' said he, 'we see the man now!—Well, Mrs. Graham, this is a lover in earnest. What are you resolved on?—Marriage, I presume.'

'Oh, Mr. Clifton, do not insult me! do not add to my misery—my cup is now full—let me die!'

'Die! you have no business to die! and you sha'nt die for a scoundrel!' said the good yeoman.

'But what shall I do? my debt to him puts me in his power.'

'Not at all; keep within doors, and wait till you see what he will do; you shall not yet want a friend, but send no reply to this letter.'

"On the third day after I received a card, which I still recollect:—

'Mr. Graham's most respectful compliments to Mrs. Graham. Mr. G. hands copy of Mrs. G.'s account enclosed, and requests her to say, per bearer, whether she will permit Mr. Graham to have the pleasure of waiting upon her, or if he must be under the painful necessity of disturbing her by a less respectful representative.'

"Upon shewing this to Mr. Clifton, he cried—'Now this is right! we shall see all settled in a twinkling. Write to Mr. Graham that you will be glad—no, that would not be true; say that you most anxiously wish to see him this evening.'

'Mr. Clifton, I do not understand you! you know that I shall loathe the sight of that monster, and that it is impossible for me to pay the debt which I most unfortunately owe him.'

'You must either see Mr. Graham or a bailiff—that's clear.'

'Well, I will go to prison! I can die

there—only let me be secure from the intrusions of that fiend!'

'Dear lady, I am deeply interested for you, and have stated your case with regard to the carrying off of your child and money to a lawyer; and his opinion is, that although there is strong presumption for believing Graham concerned, yet there appears no probability of proving the charge; and therefore any action against him would be hazarding almost certain defeat, at an expence which cannot be afforded. It is evident that he wants to force you into compliance with his measures, by leaving you no alternative. Had you not consented to see him, he would have had a writ out against you directly, and he would expect to make his own terms with you in prison.'

'But how will the case be altered by seeing him?'

'Why then you have it in your choice, either to marry or pay him.'

'Oh, Mr. Clifton, you know both are equally impossible!'

'I know no such thing—the one you could, but will not—the other you would, but cannot! thus stands the affair; but you must no longer be in the power of that monster—he must be paid, and I beg that you will permit me to discharge his account.'

'Mr. Clifton, your goodness overpowers me! you seem to forget that I am considerably in your debt already for lodgings.'

''Psha! don't think about trifles!'

'I cannot think of incurring a debt to you which I have no prospect of being able to pay—I must go to prison!'

'Ay, ay, Mrs. Graham, I see how it is—you are still a woman I find, and want to come to terms with your friend; you seem to think that it will be safer trusting to his mercy than mine.'

"This determined me; and bursting into tears, I cried—'Oh, sir, I am ashamed—but if it will be no inconvenience, you will relieve me from inexpressible agony, and I shall be eternally your debtor!'

'That is saying you never intend paying me; however, I shall take my chance of that; when my dame there slips away, I can then sue you for payment, or prevail with you to marry me.'

"My note was accordingly dispatched, and Mr. Clifton said—'I shall keep in to meet this most honourable gentleman, who, I doubt not, will obey your summons. Upon inquiry in the city, I find that his servant left him just about the time that Charles was lost. All attempts to make any discovery from Graham would be vain, for he would not implicate himself; you can therefore just pay his account, and hint that you know him.'

"The vile dissembler came, and while his address was disgustingly obsequious, it was easy to see that his eye glistened with anticipated triumph. Mr. Clifton had observed his approach, and followed him in; when I immediately produced his account, and requesting him to discharge it, laid down the money; he looked

very silly, and evidently much disappointed; attempting to make some apologies, I told him they were quite unnecessary. With much confusion he reckoned over the money, the notes trembling in his hand. When the account was discharged, I took it up, and said—'Now, Mr. Graham, all pecuniary transactions are finally settled between us; but you have conferred upon me many other favours, and intended more, which you were disappointed in accomplishing. You have taken much interest in my affairs; in one most important event, I am now able to trace your hand, although your superlative modesty will not permit the avowal; this event has stamped my future fate, and as it can never be forgotten, I must always remember to whom I am indebted. Your conduct, Mr. Graham, is registered in heaven; you will through life have the testimony of your own conscience; and on your deathbed I shall not be forgotten!'

"So saying, I instantly rose and left the room; when Graham, glad to escape

the sarcastic and contemptuous glances of Mr. Clifton, took leave. When I entered again, my kind landlord said he must have in Mary, for that we had still much to talk about. When the good landlady was seated, he said—' Now, my dear lady, you are rid of one evil; but I much fear you are not yet secure from the machinations of your enemy; were I certain of your safety, how comfortable could you be made in Barnet, and you should not leave this house till some plan were arranged; but it will not do! Graham has now no measures to keep, and he is a villain—a devil, who will stick at nothing to get you in his power. Therefore you must of necessity remove, and that so secretly that he cannot trace you. Mrs. Clifton and I have been thinking of a plan, which you shall hear. It seems probable that your Charles was carried north, for which reason you may prefer travelling in that direction; I have a sister settled in Wakefield, whom I have not seen these seven years, and have often

proposed taking Mrs. Clifton a jaunt to visit her. We will go now, and you shall accompany us; and by the influence of my sister, some way will be found for you in Wakefield, by which you can live comfortably. But I must write to Yorkshire, announcing our visit, lest my sister should be absent.'

"The letter was dispatched, and I continued to keep within doors; indeed I was now so much alarmed, that I was afraid to sit alone during the day. A reply was received from Mrs. Morgan, that she waited with anxiety to see her friends. We departed soon after, had a pleasant ride, and arrived safe at Wakefield. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were in a respectable business; I was introduced to them, and warmly recommended to their friendship, by my kind benefactors: after some consultation, it was agreed that I should immediately announce my intention of opening a girls' school; this was done, and through their influence, before the departure of my kind friends, I had the promise

of as many pupils as would enable me to live comfortably.

"At the end of three years, I remitted payment of my debt to my worthy friends at Barnet, whose friendship I shall never forget, and can never repay. I continued nearly seven years in Wakefield, during which I formed an intimacy with my present partner, Mrs. Robinson, a Scotchwoman; her husband was in business here, and dying, left her without any family, but very little for her future subsistence. She returned to her friends in Scotland, and finding good encouragement, opened a school, and wrote for me to join her as a partner, which I did soon after; we have lived together ever since, with a greater proportion of happiness than I once thought I should ever experience.

"Mrs. Robsinon is several years older than I; is a sensible and cheerful woman; both which qualities are increased and improved by the influence of religion upon her mind. To her, a Deity is ever pre-

sent, both in the economy of nature, and also in his particular providence, upon which she ever relies with confidence for all that is necessary here, having the well-grounded hope of perpetual happiness in the world to come. To her company and counsels I have been much indebted for the tranquillity which I have for many years enjoyed. If she sometimes failed in her attempts to inspire hope, she was successful in teaching me patience and pious resignation. She was my companion in the carriage when you, my dear Charles, produced feelings in my heart for which I could not account. After this meeting, Mrs. Robinson always insisted that you would be restored to me, and I am sure this discovery will diffuse gladness over her heart.

"For myself, my mind is not yet calm enough to enjoy happiness. We have yet much to talk of, and that not all suited to promote tranquillity of soul; for instance, my dear husband, know you any thing of your father?"

"Nothing, my love," replied Mr. Graham.

"Well, I can inform you. He died more than seven years ago; and that arch villain, your cousin, is laird of Balmaron! Do not mistake my purpose in mentioning this; I have no wish for worldly grandeur; Heaven has restored you to my arms, and that is happiness. But we have a son, and must see him placed in the inheritance of his fathers."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mourning penitent, arise,
Raise to Heaven thy weeping eyes;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now. MOORE.

Injuries forgiven, and Friendships formed.

THIS delighted party had so much to inquire of and communicate to each other, that they had drawn liberally upon the morning, without thinking of its being late. Mrs. Robinson had been called in; she immediately recognised Charles, and anticipated the discovery of his being Amelia's son. When informed that his father also was present, she said—" Well, Amelia, none ever trusted in the Almighty and were disappointed; for although his ways are not as our ways, neither can we understand the workings of

his hand; yet he can make light to spring out of darkness, and restore comfort to those who mourn not without hope. I trust there is now much happiness in store for all of you. The presence of any friend can be no compliment to-night. I will be glad to meet you all at breakfast to-morrow;" and the good lady withdrew.

Mr. Graham now explained to Amelia the means by which they had discovered her retreat, and their engagement that she should appear in person to pronounce Barbara Gray's forgiveness, hoping that she would be able to accompany them next morning after breakfast; to which having consented, they retired for a few hours' repose.

Early in the afternoon of the following day, they found themselves in sight of the lonely cottage; and when it was pointed out to Amelia, she felt an emotion that she was unable to subdue, although her fortitude had been put to trials apparently more severe.

Barbara was seated on the grey moss-

clad stone where our travellers had first descried her. Donald was walking in a military step, on the little grass-plot between her and the river. Observing their approach, he informed his mother, who, as they came near, attempted to rise; but her trembling limbs refused to support her, and she sunk upon the mossy stone, her head drooping upon her breast.

Amelia's eyes swam in tears; and all the party were much moved with the sight of this helpless and suffering object, so degraded in her own estimation, and hiding herself thus from the world. She seemed like one in a painful dream, utterly insensible to all external objects, and without lifting her head, stretched out her arms, crying—" Stay, blessed spirit! Oh, do not leave me already!"

After a lapse of several minutes, she seemed to recover, raised her head, and lifting her eyes, fixed them upon Amelia, saying—" I have for once seen a vision from heaven. I often see visions; but they come na frae heaven; they are wan-

dering spirits; an' they speak terrible things; but sure you are no spirit—you are my mistress! Oh you are indeed Amelia! but you winna hang me now; I saved his life—see! there he is standing beside you."

Amelia approached nearer, took the poor wretch by the withered and skinny hand, saying—"Barbara, I forgive you; may Heaven also forgive you, and restore peace to your penitent soul! I hope you will now live happier."

"Oh, good lady, there can be nae happiness for me on earth; a' that I hope for now, is to die in peace: yes, there's mair! I hope to see nae mair terrible visions. Nane upon earth could ha'e given the peace that I ken already. My heart has no been sae light this twenty years. Oh that I had gotten this pardon sooner! but I hadna the power to seek it; an' it was the will o' Heaven to punish me. Mony a time ha'e I been ready to fa' down upo' my knees before you, an' pray for pardon; but the evil ane had power granted to

him, an' he prevented me, that I mith suffer a lang weary life of lingering punishment upon earth. See sic an object as I am—that's no disease—it's no the decay of age. Na, na, a' bodily sufferings wad be little compared wi' mine; it's the worm within—the constant gnawings of a guilty conscience!"

"Barbara, be calm," said Amelia; "you have, I hope, often sought forgiveness of Heaven; and you could not know where to find me, to seek mine."

"Oh, weel did I ken whare to find you! I've seen you every year since you came to Perth, and heard of you often; I couldna ha'e lived without that. I've gotten my dinner in your kitchen frae you an' the good Mrs. Robinson. I came to you like a spae-wife; an' whan ye wadna let me read your fortune, I chalked down your son's name an' America, an' forced you to look at it."

"I recollect the circumstance," said Amelia.

"The first time I saw your son, after I

had basely deserted him, was in the Highlands: it was thunder an' lightning; I sat trembling at the voice of Heaven—he entered, an' I thought my hour was come. I fled frae his sight; but couldna flee frae my ain conscience. I sought an' found him next day—spaed his fortune—told him that he was born a laird—never saw his father, an' had twa mithers. I saw him again, an' saved his life: had I had twenty lives, I wad ha'e given them a' to save his!"

Amelia, now convinced of Barbara's sanity, said—"Well, Barbara, be assured that all of us will now be your friends; but tell me honestly, what tempted you to take away my Charles; I can suppose a motive for stealing my property, but none for carrying off my child."

"Wha tempted me! wha should or could it be, but that devil in human shape, Richard Graham! He wanted to marry you; but you refused, an' he saw nae way to get your consent, but by renderin' you

helpless an' destitute; an' then, he said, you would consent to be made happy. His servant, James—but no! let his name and his memory perish together!—he courted me; we were to be married; he told me of his master's plan for making our fortunes. I would not believe him. Graham sought me, and confirmed all—told me when he would bring the money; and, said he—'If the child should die, so much the better for you and your husband; you will be rid of the trouble. I will send you some laudanum to make your mistress sleep till you get clear off; and should the bantling be troublesome on your journey, you can give him a doze, you know—as much as quiet him;' and the villain smiled.

"The day, the fatal night came. I met the master and servant—devils both! all was settled. I gave you laudanum, and—did that which has ruined my happiness for ever. My punishment soon began; on the third day of our journey, my partner in iniquity proposed that we should

give Charles a good doze. 'What!' said I, 'would you add murder to our other crimes? Are we not too guilty already? Not for a world would I take the life of this innocent!' and clasping the infant to my bosom, I dashed the bottle of laudanum to the ground. That night the villain robbed and left me! yes, left me more guilty than he found me; for there stands his son, an evidence of my wickedness!

"When I found myself betrayed, I cursed him; yes, in bitterness of heart, I invoked curses upon his head; and, although the prayer of the wicked is an abomination, yet the vengeance of Heaven overtook him; he died a sudden and a cruel death, in the agonies of guilt and despair. Providence conducted me to the spot; ay, laid me upon the very bed from which his guilty soul took its flight! Oh, there can be no punishment in hell greater than that which I endured when I heard the horrid tale! still my brain whirls when I think of that dreadful,

that horrible night! Ever since, I have been haunted by unearthly things; I have been a wanderer upon earth; and although not a murderer, like Cain, I have been a vagabond and an outcast among men. I have lived with thieves and robbers—in dens and caves of the earth; and he who imagined—who set me on to do all this, has prospered—has set himself on high—possessing the inheritance of another; but his day of vengeance is sure; ay, it is now come, an' I have lived to see it!" and the eyes of this wretched being glistened with fiend-like lustre as she spoke. She paused, as if to recover strength; a glow of savage delight diffused itself over her haggard features, and raising her eyes, she continued thus—"Yes, my prediction is verified, and his days are numbered! Before he had been twelve months in Balmaron, I appeared before him as the messenger of death; he was alone; and I shook every nerve of his iron soul!—Yes, he who had defied Heaven and despised Hell, trembled in my presence—

shook like the leafy twig that trembles in the blast. The silence of evening was around us; clouds of darkness shaded the sky. I rose suddenly, and stood in his path; and, in a voice that seemed to come from the regions of the tomb, I cried—'Man of blood! monster of iniquity, venveance awaits thee! the dead shall rise to witness thy wickedness, and the living shall hurl thee to destruction! Charles Graham lives; he comes; he will meet thee, even as I have met thee; he will publish thy crimes—drive thee from his fields; the world shall scorn thee while alive, and thy shame shall be upon every tongue! Thou shalt die the death of the dog who is caught in the sheep-fold, while the blood of the innocent lamb besmears his jaws! The finger of the passenger shall point at thy ghastly corpse, waving in the air; women and children shall turn aside from the path; ravens shall devour thy flesh, and thy withered bones shall clatter in the wind, as they bleach beneath the dews of heaven! Man of blood, re-

member! it is the spirit of the injured Amelia that speaks—that pronounces thy doom!' and gliding from his sight, I left him lost in amazement, and dumb with terror. Since that night, he has never gone out alone; never crossed his threshold after the sun went down. Sleep is almost as much a stranger to his eyes as peace is to his soul. Candles burn beside him in the night; and if left for a moment in darkness, he howls in agony of spirit; he lives in torment, and would die, but there are still greater horrors beyond the grave. Thus have I been avenged—and yet you have forgiven me; ought not I also to forgive? Good, merciful Amelia, pray for me—that, if possible, Heaven may grant me grace to pray for myself, that I may find a grave in peace; and oh, good lady, pray that the dark spirit may no more seek my habitation!"

While she was thus speaking, there was a wild and irresistible pathos in her voice; the glare of her eye was terrible; and her whole frame shook, as if inspired by some

supernatural afflatus; her auditors were struck with terror, and beheld her now sink motionless, in mental stupor and insensibility.

She was taken to the hut by her son, while seemingly unconscious of any person present, and of every thing around her. When Donald rejoined them, they requested him to find some more comfortable accommodations for his mother and himself, and to be under no uneasiness about the expence.

"Oh," cried the serjeant, "I am grieved for her and for myself! the son of a villain! I cannot, will not live here! And yet she is my mother—how can I leave her? Oh what a life hers has been! She has truly been a wanderer and an outcast. By meeting an old acquaintance, she associated for a time with the outlaws whom you, captain, met in Glen Nevis, and upon her account I also was entangled with them. After your departure, I got her decoyed away, and we came south; but her strange conduct, and some apprehen-

sions that I had cause to entertain from my late associates, made me a soldier. But I hope it has been directed by Providence as the means of restoring Mrs. Graham to a husband and son; and also that my poor unhappy parent may find true repentance and peace of conscience."

Amelia again particularly requested that Barbara might be properly attended, declaring that she would take the whole expence upon herself; in the mean time pressing some money upon him for her use, which he with much reluctance accepted.

The party now adjourned to Creiff, where, taking up their quarters for the night, they deliberated upon the steps to be taken for the recovery of their rights, when it was resolved to wait upon Richard Graham personally, and give him an opportunity of retiring quietly from the seat of his usurpation. Here Charles, mindful of his friend Sinclair, related the lieutenant's history to his parents, and suggesting that it might be a good opportunity for promoting a reconciliation between

him and his unnatural father. This being highly approved of, a letter was immediately dispatched by Charles to Sinclair, requesting him, if he had any wish to be reconciled to his father, to join them at Perth without a moment's delay.

Next morning they returned to Perth, when Amelia, at the request of her husband, resigned all charge and concern in the school—Mrs. Robinson regretting the loss of an able coadjutor and amiable friend, but sincerely rejoicing in the dispensations of Providence towards one who had borne her long trials so meekly.

"My dear father," said Charles, "might it not be prudent to have our friend colonel Melville as an assistant at our interview with Richard Graham?"

"If he would take the trouble, I should wish it much; but I could not have the confidence to ask him," said Mr. Graham.

"I shall easily manage that; you and my dear mother will excuse my absence, while I ride down to Beechwood, and solicit the favour of his company, which I

am sure will be granted most cheerfully. Besides, I wish both him and my friends at Glenthorn to have, what I am sure will be to all of them an exquisite pleasure, the information that I have found my mother."

The truth was, that Charles felt his cup of happiness not yet full; for there was yet another, "dear as the ruddy drops that warmed his heart," from whom he already imagined himself too long absent.

"When may we expect Mr. Sinclair's arrival?" said his mother.

"It must be about a week hence," said Charles.

"Then we will accompany you to Glenthorn," said Mrs. Graham. "I cannot too soon discharge my duty to your admirable Ellen—your kind mother; I long to see her—to press her to my heart. Leave a letter for Mr. Sinclair, lest he should arrive before our return."

"I thank you, my dear mother!" cried Charles; "this is what I wished, but did not dare to propose."

On the following day the party arrived at Glenthorn, and came up with Mr. Angus in the lane at some distance from the house. Hastening down from the carriage, Charles introduced his mother to his benevolent friend, whose now-faded cheek glowed with the delight that he felt in the happiness of his darling, adopted son. Ellen had seen them from the window, and, unable to restrain her feelings, ran to meet them.

Amelia had thrown up her veil, and Ellen having a full view of her face, without waiting for an introduction, rushed forward, and clasped her in her arms, exclaiming—" I see, I know you are Amelia—you are the mother of my dear Charles!"

" And you are also his mother, his beloved Ellen!" replied Mrs. Graham, as they tenderly embraced each other.

" Yes, I claimed, and Charles allowed me that title—most joyfully will I now share it with you; but not even to you will I resign my claim to the endearing

appellation; you must not—shall not now render me childless!" cried Mrs. Angus.

"No, you never shall resign the title. We will be sisters in heart and soul, and he shall be our son," rejoined Amelia; and each taking a hand of Charles, alternately folded him in her arms; after which they again tenderly embraced each other.

As they walked towards the house, Charles and his father both saw with deep regret how strong were the indications of rapid decay exhibited in the countenance of Mr. Angus. The derangement of his affairs, and melancholy end of his brother, had given a most severe shock to his feelings, and his natural reserve leading him to brood over his misfortunes in silence, his constitution was now much impaired; while the not less susceptible heart of Ellen, by giving utterance to her feelings, relieved her mind from their pressure.

Soon after the arrival of the strangers, colonel Melville had occasion to call at Glenthorn, where he was not less sur-

prised than delighted to find Charles accompanied by his mother; he kindly reproved his friend for his indifference, in not announcing his arrival at Beechwood.

Charles excused himself, by stating that they were only newly arrived, and then informing the colonel of their intended request for his company to Balmaron.

"With much pleasure," said the colonel, "provided only that you grant me another favour before departure."

"Name it," said Mr. Graham.

"That all present agree to dine at Beechwood to-morrow," replied the colonel.

Some apologies were offered, but were soon overruled; and colonel Melville, after transacting his business with Mr. Angus, departed.

The gentlemen walked out, when Mr. Angus, taking Mr. Graham's arm, pressed his hand, saying—"I thank you for your kindness; you know the way to reach the heart."

Mr. Graham, returning his pressure, said—" We are intimate friends—is not that sufficient?"

Seeing Dan and Oscar at a little distance in the field, Charles called them; and though both approached respectfully, yet their different manners exhibited a curious contrast. Oscar, although he evinced not that crouching servility which distinguishes his sable brethren, under their galling and degrading yoke—although his eye flashed no indignant and rebellious glance, yet he raised it with that timid and lack-lustre look which seemed to say—" I am a slave, and have no hope—no friend on earth, except my master."

When Mr. Graham spoke to him, he replied in a meek and submissive accent, and hastened to stand back, as if conscious of being an intruder.

Dan came forward with a firm step—made his military salute, and stood before the company manly and erect; when his

eye met that of his master, it glistened with delight, and a brighter glow diffused itself over his cheek.

"Well, Dan, I know your heart takes an interest in every thing that concerns my happiness—I have now the pleasure of informing you that I have found my mother."

"Oh, my dear maister, Providence has brought you right in the lang run: but will I no see your mither?"

"Yes, Dan, you shall; you have a right to see her, for had it not been for you, I had not been alive to meet her."

"Say naething about that, sir; I never did nae mair but my duty, an' whiles hardly that; but if my hand was feckless, my heart was willing; an' *a' the men in the Mearns can do nae mair than they may.*"

The ladies were now approaching; as they came near, Charles took Dan's hand, and said—"Dear mother, permit me to introduce to you Dan Norval, a friend of whom you have heard me speak, and

whose attachment to me has been such, that he preferred being my servant, in fatigue and danger, to ease and competence at home; and to his courage and prudence I have been indebted both for my liberty and my life."

"I am glad to see you, sir," said Amelia, taking Dan's hand; "accept my thanks for the attachment you have shewn to my son; I hope it will be continued, and will not pass unrewarded. I think I had the pleasure of seeing you before in his company."

"I kenna, madam, whether you saw me; but I'm sure I had nae little pleasure in the glint that I got o' you that morning, for there was something in your face that I wad never hae forgotten, although little did I expect to see you here. But you've gotten a blessing in a son, for he's been that a' his life to ilka ane that's been conneckit wi' him, an' he'll no be less to a mither wha has cost him mony sair sigh an' salt tears forby. May Heaven lang spare you baith, for blessings to ane anither!"

At the dinner party next day, while every individual was received with much genuine politeness, Emma, in a particular manner, attached herself to Mrs. Graham, while Louisa devoted her attentions to the lady's husband; Mrs. Melville endeavoured to make all her guests happy; if she shewed any partiality, it was for Mr. Angus; while the colonel gallantly devoted his attentions to Ellen, Charles and Anne being thus left to entertain each other. There was too much friendship and social happiness in this family party, to permit of the ladies retiring till a little before tea.

At the tea-table Charles had the happiness of supplanting his mother, by engrossing the conversation of Emma, and handing her tea, in which service he lodged a considerable portion of the beverage on her lap. Whether this awkwardness was produced by wine, or by any other more refined species of intoxication, cannot be ascertained. During a long walk in the

garden, he also contrived to obtain retribution for his early privations, by keeping her at a respectful distance from the rest of the company, and conducting the conversation in a key so low, that none could form a conjecture upon the subject.

When the friends returned to Glenthorn, Amelia expressed herself much pleased with the *bienseance* of the family of Beechwood, and highly delighted with the easy address, amiable manners, and good sense of Emma, while Mr. Graham was equally warm in praise of Louisa.

Their stay was continued for two days longer at Glenthorn, during which Mrs. Angus had furnished Amelia with many anecdotes of Charles, among which the fire at Beechwood, and the preservation of the singed great-coat, were not forgotten. She also led Mrs. Graham to the poplar tree, with its verdant accompaniment, and spoke with delight of their luxuriance and beauty, which she attributed to a cabalistical spell engraven on the bark, archly directing Amelia's attention to Charles's

early expression of feeling so common with youthful lovers. Our hero did every thing possible to promote their departure, by every day walking over to Beechwood, as he said, to hasten colonel Melville in his preparations for the journey.

The only circumstance that abstracted from the happiness of the party, was the declining health of Mr. Angus; for although he never complained, and endeavoured to appear cheerful, it was evidently the result of effort. Charles expressed how much pleasure he should have felt in having him at the intended interview with Richard Graham; but knowing that gentleman as he now did, there was too much reason to anticipate an unpleasant meeting, and he deemed that it would be unkind to Mr. Angus to expose his feelings to the shock they might have to experience; Mr. Angus seemed fully to understand him, and kindly thanked Charles for his prudent and delicate consideration.

On the morning of their departure co-

lonel Melville came over to breakfast, when the scene of leave-taking became painfully tender; but Charles declared his intention of seeing them again soon; and requesting the colonel, as a favour, to take his seat in the carriage, that he might have the pleasure of riding a fine blood mare, the party drove off.

Upon arriving at Perth, Mrs. Graham took up her abode with her friend Mrs. Robinson, and the gentlemen retired to an inn; the house was full, and they were under the necessity of stepping into the travellers' room, where, among others, sat a venerable looking old gentleman, who being seated opposite to Mr. Graham, continued to gaze on his face with the most intense earnestness. Colonel Melville happening to pronounce Mr. Graham's name, the gentleman started, and seemed struggling with some powerful emotion; while Mr. Graham, in his turn, appeared also struck with the features of the stranger, and rising, said—"Pardon me, sir, if I am mistaken, but I hope and

believe that I see my old and early friend George Douglas."

The stranger now started to his feet, saying—" And if the grave could give up its dead, I would say that you are Charles Graham, whom I often carried in my arms."

" I am indeed the same, and am happy to bid you feel that I am substantial flesh and blood," taking the stranger's hand, and shaking it with the fervour of unchanging friendship.

Although their colloquy had been short, its import was such as to draw the attention of all present, and the eyes of the company were now fixed upon Mr. Graham and his newly-discovered friend. Mr. Douglas was for some time incapable of speaking, and at length recovered himself so far as to say—" I am lost in astonishment! but this is no place for inquiries; will you have the goodness to retire with me for a little, that this mystery may be explained?"

"Most certainly; the house is full, but we can adjourn to a bedroom."

The party then withdrew, and, when seated in a private room, Mr. Graham said—"I have so much of which I wish to speak, that I scarcely know where to begin. When I left Balmaron you were my father's butler?"

"I was, sir, and for many years after."

"Were you there at the time of his death?"

"Your father heaved his last breath in my arms."

"I tremble to inquire—yet, oh! tell me, did my father revoke his dreadful curse against me?"

"That was done many a year before. In the first season after you left the country, he wrote after you to India, entreating you to return, for that all was forgiven: some months after, your cousin, Richard Graham, sent a letter, advising that you had died at Calcutta. Your father then begged your cousin to discover your wife

and child; a reply to this request informed him that your child was dead, and the mother gone none could tell where. Bitterly did your father now lament his conduct towards you; indeed, he might be said to live in sorrow ever after. At last, Richard informed him that your wife was wandering over the country, a lunatic, styling herself lady of Balmaron, and pouring out execrations against him, and threatening to murder him. The good old man took this so much to heart, that he never again went out; indeed, he became enervated both in body and mind; and although he lived long after, it was without enjoyment. No will had been made, and he was now incapable; he was taken ill, and spoke not for many days, till about an hour before his death, when he prayed in an audible and distinct voice that the Almighty would forgive all his sins, and particularly his cruelty and injustice to you. There being no will, and Richard Graham heir at law, he took possession of Balmaron, where he still con-

tinues to reside, while I find you here, a stranger!"

"Oh, Mr. Douglas, how fatally has my father and all of us been imposed upon by that villain—that monster of iniquity! Time will not permit me to say how I was deceived and duped by him. I never was in India; he knew my retreat; there sits my son, whom he reported dead; my dear Amelia is also here."

"Well, I understand the monster's punishment has long since begun on earth, and I hope you will soon drive him from your inheritance."

"I shall endeavour to recover my own without delay; but have you left Balmaron?"

"I never crossed the threshold after the funeral of your father—I had before seen enough of Richard Graham."

"How do you live now?"

"Immediately upon the news of your death, Mr. Graham made me promise never to leave him, and at that time gave me a bond for an annuity equal to all my wants and wishes."

Much more conversation took place between Mr. Graham and this faithful servant of his father; and having received Mr. Douglas's address, they parted, in the hope of again soon seeing each other.

CHAPTER IX.

Spare me this wo! ye demons, spare!
They come! the shrowded shadows all—
'Tis more than mortal brain can bear:
Rustling they rise, they sternly glare
At man upheld by vital breath!
Who led by wicked fiends should dare
To join the shadowy troops of death! CRABBE.

Self-condemnation.

LIEUTENANT Sinclair arrived next day, and Charles, in the most delicate manner possible, informed him of what was to take place, observing, that as Mr. Graham was so much in their power, it was probable that they might be able to effect a reconciliation between the father and son, and this was the reason why they had now sent for him, that he might accompany them to Balmaron.

Although Sinclair had experienced al-

most unremitted persecution from his father, still he could not forget that he was his parent, and for himself would have renounced all claim to his wealth, could that have saved him from degradation; yet knowing that this sacrifice would avail nothing, and reflecting upon his wife and family, he consented to be guided by the advice of his friends; and, in answer to their inquiries, informed them that his father was reported very rich before he left Liverpool, but that he never knew where, or how his property was vested. It being settled that they should depart for Balmaron next morning, Mr. Graham asked Amelia whether she would accompany them?

"Oh no," replied she; "had he been glorying in his guilty spoils, had he been wallowing in pleasure, 'rolling sin as a sweet morsel under his tongue,' then I would have gone, and spoken daggers to his guilty soul; but Heaven forbid that I should add to the miseries of the miserable!"

They set out early in the morning, accompanied by a lawyer, it being arranged that he and Mr. Sinclair should stop at a small village in the vicinity of Balmaron till their appearance should be necessary. When they entered the gate within the park, although Mr. Graham was brooding upon the approaching interview, yet almost every object that appeared called up early and interesting associations.

Upon arrival they were told that Mr. Graham was out walking, but were shown into a parlour till he should return; here were many newspapers and books scattered about; the books appeared all to be novels from a circulating library. When Mr. Graham came in, and was told that three gentlemen, two of them military officers, waited, he retired to the drawing-room to meet them. He stood to receive them, supported by a servant; his feeble and shrunk limbs trembled, his form was wasted, his eyes sunk, his cheeks shrivelled, and his countenance ghastly and cadaverous, as if he had been an inhabitant

of the chambers of death; he bowed without speaking, still continuing to lean upon his servant.

"Our business is for your private ear, sir," said colonel Melville.

The servant led his master forward, seated him on a sofa, and retired. He began an apology for being seated, requesting his guests to sit down, when Mr. Graham, standing before him, said—"Knowest thou me?"

He gazed, started, the muscles of his countenance seemed convulsed; he uttered a groan, and said—"Ay, too well. From whence comest thou? Art thou a spirit, sent to torment me before the time?"

"No, I am your dearly beloved cousin, returned to thank you for all your friendship, so unremittedly shown to my father, myself, my Amelia, and her infant son."

"And I am that son!" cried Charles, starting to his feet; "also returned to thank you for all the hospitality which I experienced from you in Liverpool, and the secret favours which you there intend-

ed for me. If you entertain any doubts about a resurrection from the dead, we have now to introduce to you colonel Melville, whom your letters to my father killed by his hand more than a score of years ago."

"Yes, sir," said the colonel, "look at me; satisfy yourself of my identity; feel me, whether I am real flesh and blood."

"If you have any wish to see Amelia, whom you so much admired, she is not far distant," said Mr. Graham, "and we will soon place you in the midst of your friends."

The unhappy wretch groaned deeply, and after struggling to recover breath, he raised his eyes, glaring wildly, and said—"Ay, the hour of vengeance is come, and you are the ministers of wrath. Lash on! spare not! enjoy your triumph—for it will be short."

"No, sir," said Mr. Graham, "we enjoy not your sufferings, we triumph not in your degradation; but my wrongs, if they cannot justify, will at least sufficient-

ly apologize for the style in which I have spoken. Torn from the arms of her who was dearer than life, expelled from my home and native country, an outlaw, and placed an alien in the land of strangers; my infant carried away, his mother left to the frenzy of despair for his loss, and her distress still farther augmented by your unhallowed passion; my heart wrung by the tale of her disgrace, which none but a fiend could have devised, and writhing under the dreadful curse of a father, who also died in the bitterness of grief, for that son and daughter whom he had been taught to despise; my son, when grown up, repeatedly in danger of assassination; and lastly, the inheritance of my father torn from me!—such have been my accumulated wrongs! Could any thing less than a demon have inflicted these? and are they not all the work of your hand? Did not Richard Graham, my kinsman, perform this?"

During this speech, the wretched man to whom it was addressed sat with malign

and stern defiance on his countenance, and knitting his brow, while his mind seemed roused to desperation, and he replied—"It was, sir; bitterly have I felt that I have done all this; and yet, sir, I had stronger, more irresistible temptations to commit these crimes, deep and manifold as they are, than you can plead for the coward vengeance which you are now aiming at the heart of a fallen victim, already writhing in anguish incurable. Think who and what I was when you cast yourself upon my protection in London, and most imprudently and unfortunately for all concerned, introduced me to your wife. I was a giddy thoughtless youth; some pains had been taken to inform my head, but the improvement of my heart had been utterly neglected; pleasure was my sole pursuit, and my happiness consisted in the indulgence of my passions. I was sincere in my promises to assist you; and had I never seen Amelia, I believe I should have continued your friend; but from the first moment that I saw her, I loved her,

and that passion grew, even to madness: from her conversation and behaviour, I was soon convinced of the purity of her heart, and that her virtue was impregnable. Your exile, therefore, became a necessary step in the prosecution of my purpose; and the tale of your death seemed only wanting to facilitate my intentions. I was sincere in my proposals of marriage, and in my intentions of making a good husband.

"When decidedly rejected, I formed the scheme of rendering her poor and childless, that distress might drive her to my arms; for I still loved her to desperation. I renewed my offers of marriage, and was again rejected. I formed a plan for getting her completely in my power; but in the moment of execution, my evil genius interposed, and I was defeated. She exposed and insulted me, in the presence of her landlord. He told the tale of my disgrace; it reached the ears of my associates, and I was shunned and despised. All was now hell within my heart; and

and could I have met Amelia, she would have found the man turned into a monster. I hated all mankind. Ambition and avarice took possession of my soul, and I determined upon their gratification, at whatever hazard.

"I sent you the fabricated tale of Amelia's disgrace, and repeated the maledictions of your father, to prevent the possibility of your return; for my heart was now set upon the estate of Balmaron. I left London—became a dealer in human flesh, for my heart was callous to every suffering, except my own; wealth flowed upon me, and I retired from the horrid trade, not that I loathed it, but that I might enjoy what I had so dearly earned.

"Your father was supposed dying, and it seemed only a slight step to the summit of my ambition, when your son appeared like an adder in my path. I knew him to be Amelia's son, the first time I saw him; his destination was America—he might find you—my rich harvest of hope would be blighted, when just ripen-

ed into fruition, and I should be exposed to scorn and ignominy—rendered infamous for life! He was with me when the letter announcing your father's death was put into my hands. The temptation was powerful, and I said—'He must die!' Here again the baleful star, whose influence has ever since been shed over my head, interposed, and he escaped, that he might be the means of producing that consummation, in which your heart is now exulting.

"In this recital I have attempted no palliation—I have declared the motives that impelled me, and the temptations by which I was assailed. Now, sir, were not these more irresistible than any that can now actuate you against me? you can only be influenced by revenge, and poor must the triumph be, which is obtained over the victim writhing in agony, who has neither the means nor the power of resistance. But after what I have now long endured, the utmost rage of mortals is feeble and impotent, and I will not depre-

cate the wrath of man, after having so long struggled with the demons of darkness!"

"Fear not further vengeance from us, sir, unless it should be provoked by your own obstinacy," said Mr. Graham.

"Fear! who talks of fear to Richard Graham?" exclaimed he: "fear you! shall he who has dared in deeds like mine —who is haunted by legions, and whose nightly couch is surrounded by furies—shall he fear a man—a worm like himself? No, sir! it is but a few years ago (according to the calendar, although to me they have seemed of almost endless duration), and I feared no being in the universe—for I knew of none—believed in none greater than myself, or at least superior to my own species! The promised felicity of a future existence I scorned as the vain dreams of silly credulous fools; and I heard of their threatened hell, with a smile of contempt. Yet I—even I, have been made to fear, although I know not what. I see daily what none else could dare to look upon, and I hear what none else

could hear and live! But sure it must be that I am sinking into dotage—the fool of my own fancy! why am I not as before, when I defied the thunders of Omnipotence, and now tremble at a shadow? or if this may not be, why does my mind continue to reject with scorn those superstitious fables which might sooth my terrors, and banish the imaginary horrors that surround me? But it will not be—I must live without hope, and expire in despair. Then were I certain that the end were come! oh, 'tis dreadful to doubt and never be resolved! I have invoked—I have conjured the spirits that haunt me, to say what they are, or from whence they come; but they refuse to answer. I would say they are phantoms of the brain, did they not gibber and mock me to my face! but I must suffer, for I am a coward!—I dare not die!

"Yet why have I thus exposed my sufferings and my cowardice to you? my wayward fate has compelled me—it hurries me on! this visit was predicted; but I

will still dare to die, rather than wait the accomplishment of all that was denounced. I said, I would not deprecate your wrath; but I feel my spirit cowed, and my heart fail me before you. When I think of all that you will do, I find that I have still something to fear. Yet why should it be? I am willing, ready to resign all, provided you will permit me to retire and die in peace! What did I say! to die in peace will be denied me—there are beings invisible to all eyes but mine, that will hover round my pillow mocking my dying groans; they will chant their hellish requiem over my grave, when the cold dews of night rest on my head, and the frost of death has withered my heart. But oh! how am I fallen when I must solicit a favour from you! yes, this is a humiliation which renders your triumph complete! yet I cannot, without horror, think of public ignominy, and the world's scorn. Even were I sure that all I wish were certain, and that the turf on the grave is the curtain that closes the drama

of existence for ever, even then I would not have the name of Richard Graham a byword, and a bugbear with which silly women should frighten their children! Say then, that you will permit me to retire from Balmaron in quiet, and I will hide myself from your sight, never again to shock you with my presence."

Believing this to be a favourable moment for reconciling him to his son, Mr. Graham, said—" Have you not a son?"

" Ha! tormentor! more pangs still! No, sir, I have no son!"

" Are you not Mr. Sinclair's father?"

" He disobeyed me, and I ceased to acknowledge him! I hope his days have been numbered—I trust he is dead!"

" You persecuted him here—placed him where you yourself ought to have been—in a mad-house! and then sent him as you did me—to America! But I did not intend to upbraid you: I know Mr. Sinclair; he is alive, a good worthy man, and a brave soldier; his wife is an amiable woman, and they have two children, lovely

as angels! you must be reconciled to him. Leave him your wealth and your blessing, and I will comply with your wishes, by allowing you to withdraw from Balmaron, in the manner most agreeable to yourself."

"Leave him my wealth!" cried the poor wretch in agony; "you know not what you ask! would you draw down a curse upon the head of him to whom you are a friend?—know you how that wealth was earned? It is the price of blood! of hundreds of wretched Africans!—but they have their revenge. Nightly do they appear before me, panting beneath a torrid sun, and writhing under the lash of their relentless taskmasters; their cries thrill in my ears; they yell at midnight—shriek around my bed, clanking their fetters, and grinning in my face like demons. And is it wealth thus purchased that you wish me to leave my son—to entail a curse upon him and his family? No, I have heaped wrongs enough upon his head already! As to leaving him my blessing—I have none to bequeath—I never sought a

blessing for myself! I knew of no being who had one to bestow! If there is any such, I dare not now call upon him—and all the mercy that I can dare to wish for is—that he would forget me for ever!"

Shocked with the daring impiety, the despairing horror which they were thus compelled to hear, and anxious to close the interview, Mr. Graham said—"Are you willing to see Mr. Sinclair? have you any inclination to be reconciled to your son?"

"Oh, yes! if he can, and will forgive me; but he will not, and would come only to curse his father!"

Upon hearing this, Charles instantly left the room, hastening to bring Sinclair, while his father was in the humour of seeing him.

"How many years have you drawn the rents of the estate of Balmaron?" said Mr. Graham.

"Seven, I believe," replied the wretched victim.

"And what is the annual clear rental?"

"Upwards of two thousand pounds."

"These are mine—are you ready to account for them to me?"

"When you please."

"Well then, they shall be paid over to Mr. Sinclair. He will reckon this fortune sufficient. If you have no blessing to bequeath him, his happiness shall not be endangered by the possession of that wealth which has proved only a curse to yourself."

"Oh, Mr. Graham, you are heaping coals of fire upon my head; you make my guilt still deeper, in shewing me how noble a nature, how generous a mind, I have so deeply injured. I am unworthy of this goodness, and, could my thanks be of any value, I would offer them in the deepest humility!"

"I will try to do something more worthy of your thanks before I leave you," said Mr. Graham; "I will endeavour to open your eyes—to speak comfort to your soul. But I will not flatter you by say-

ing—'peace, peace, when there is no peace.' I must speak with the freedom that truth requires, and with the sincerity of a friend.

"Your early error seems to have been gross ignorance, and utter indifference to every thing beyond the enjoyments of this life, and these you confined to an unlimited indulgence of every passion and unhallowed inclination; there, even upon your own principles, you were wrong; for, even in this life, Virtue is her own reward. You were one of those who say in their hearts, 'there is no God;' and if at any time a contrary conviction was forced upon your mind, you impiously said—'Depart from me! for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways!' You plunged in wickedness, and sold yourself to sin; outraging not only the laws of Heaven, but tearing asunder every bond of that society of which you were a member. You vainly endeavoured to persuade yourself into the belief, that death is eternal

sleep; but this was because you wished it to be so; and that very wish ought to have informed you, that your life had been wicked, when you feared another state of existence. But that fallacious and melancholy hope of annihilation has vanished from your mind; and while writhing in agony here, you feel that it is the anticipation of future retribution. How can you then impiously doubt (for you dare not openly deny) the existence of a being whose omniscience you constantly feel, and virtually acknowledge in dreading his vengeance? It is his omnipotence, and fondly would I hope, exercised towards you in mercy, beneath which you now tremble. Conscience, his vicegerent, speaks within you, calling you to repentance. Oh, let her not call in vain! To all your other crimes you have added that of doubting the mercy of Heaven, thereby blaspheming him who hath declared, that 'judgment is his strange work.' I am but poorly qualified to be your instructor; but I can, with confi-

dence, recommend an infallible guide—the word of Truth! In plain language, apply to your bible! your case is dreadful, but not desperate. If you wish for present peace and future happiness, think not lightly of—reject not my counsel. The book which I have requested, which I entreat you to peruse, will, by exhibiting the enormity of your guilt, shew you the necessity of, and teach you the way to repentance.

"He before whom you now tremble in despair, will there tell you, that he 'delighteth not in the death of sinners;' and that none 'ever sought his face in vain.'

"Think of the fruit you have, even in this present life, reaped from those labours whereof you are now ashamed. Think of the opinions you have held, and how impotent, how incapable they are of affording you consolation in the day of your calamity. You are now panting after, vainly endeavouring to grasp that infidelity, which, like a shadow, mocks your wishes; which deceived you in the

hour of your fancied prosperity, and has for ever deserted you in the day when distress and anguish is come upon you. Trembling in agony, you shrink at that voice which, could you hear it aright, is saying—'Why will you die?'

"By sincere contrition and faithful reliance upon his mercy, according to the plan of salvation revealed in the gospel, which is given as glad tidings to guilty man, you will there find the thunders at which you now tremble, changed to the invitation of—'Look unto me, all ends of the earth, and be saved.' You will there find it said—'Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and turn unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and to our God, who will abundantly pardon.' May he who raiseth up the bowed down, and who will not break the bruised reed, enlighten your mind, renovate your will, turning you from your hardness of heart, and finally conduct your feet to the way of peace!"

Charles now returned with his friend

Sinclair, and from a proper sense of delicacy, requested the attorney not to appear, unless required. When Sinclair entered the room, his father was much agitated, and with great emotion cried—"Come, my son, and forgive me!"

"Father, I do forgive you! and may Heaven in its mercies forgive all your sins, and speak comfort to your heart!"

"Oh, my son! I would say Amen! but I dare not. I cannot bless you—I cannot pray for myself—pray for me, that I may be enabled to seek mercy!"

His servant being called, assisted him to another room, from whence he soon returned, with sundry checks upon his bankers, to the extent of six thousand pounds, saying—"Here, my son! of all the wealth that I possess, this is all I will give to you; for this portion only is unstained with blood. For the rest—oh, let it perish! touch it not, if you would not entail a curse upon yourself and family! Oh that I could thus see, and sue to all whom I have injured! It is to

our friends here that we are both indebted for this meeting. I feel the value, although I greatly fear I shall never have the benefit of their goodness.—No, it can never be—Mr. Graham talks of hope which I cannot feel; and administers consolation, which is agony insupportable! Yes, sir," addressing Mr. Graham, "you desire me to call upon a being whom I know not—whom I have never sought to know! You direct my attention to a book, which I have through life despised as a fable—if it is so, you are deceiving yourself and me—and if it is not—oh, dreadful thought!—a curse upon me is to be found on every page, and my doom is fixed! Yet deeply do I envy your credulity—you believe in what I still think a fiction, and are happy—I have daringly soared beyond all superstition, and am miserable! Alas! had I believed as you do, I should have been happy, and gone to my grave in peace, and after——'but that way madness lies!' I now doubt of all that I have dared to believe, and the only certainty that I have

is—that I shall be ever miserable, and that annihilation would be a blessing!"

Mr. Graham replied—"I can only again repeat my former advice, in recommending to your serious attention the volume of inspiration, with humble and earnest prayer to the source of all goodness and mercy."

"Well, if these infernal tormentors would cease to haunt me—leave me at peace—I would try to think of what you have said; but at present both body and mind are exhausted. I must hasten to close this interview; for the presence of every one here inflicts agony unspeakable, for I feel that all of you are evidences against me."

"We all wish to be your friends," said Mr. Graham.

"No doubt—but to business: will my solemn promise to leave Balmaron in a month satisfy you?"

"Perfectly so; I would request your stay; but am sensible that it would not be conducive to your happiness."

"You judge correctly—I must never see Balmaron more—Oh! had I never seen—never heard of it—my heart would certainly have been lighter! I must appoint some one to act for me, should any thing further remain to be settled between us; for I must never see you again—it would kill me! and although to live be dreadful—yet to die is still more terrible! I will not ask you to dine, for I long to be alone; we shall have some refreshment just now, and I will beg leave to withdraw."

"Would you not wish your son to remain with you, at least while you continue so poorly?" said Mr. Graham.

"Why, perhaps it may be right, if he can stay—I have no one about me that cares a straw for me—none love me living—and none will lament me dead!"

After a slight refreshment, and recommending this wretched mortal to the care of his son, the company took their departure.

CHAPTER X.

Enamoured Adam gazed with fond surprise,
And drank delicious poison from her eyes;
Felt the new thrill of young desire, and prest
The graceful virgin to his glowing breast:
The conscious fair betrays her soft alarms,
And blushing, sinks into his closing arms.

DARWIN.

The Myrtle of Love, and the Olive of Friendship.

RETURNING to Perth, Mr. Graham and his Amelia, after consulting together, resolved upon putting Charles in immediate possession of the estate of Balmaron; for Amelia having received a hint from Ellen of Charles's attachment to Emma, the fond mother had taken the earliest opportunity of talking with her son on the subject, from which she discovered the real state of his heart. This she communicated to his fa-

ther; and both having most feelingly been taught the sympathy due to mutual affection, they determined to facilitate the wishes of their beloved Charles, by every means in their power.

Colonel Melville departed next morning after breakfast, Charles accompanying him as far as Trimmingburgh, where they visited their old acquaintance, captain Crosstrees, whom they found laid in dock (to use his own style) by a fit of the gout, and all his timbers in a crazy condition.

Returning to Perth, all joined in commiserating the wretched state of Richard Graham, and agreeing that to see and hear him would be a greater dissuasive from infidelity and immorality, than any sermon of human composition that was ever preached.

Mr. Graham now took the opportunity of making his son acquainted with the state of his affairs, and also what he had resolved upon towards him. Having acquired a fortune in America, which would enable him to live, not only with comfort,

but distinction, he resolved upon building a cottage upon the estate for himself and Amelia; this, he said, should be within a short walk of the mansion-house, that they might the more easily enjoy the company of Charles, and have the pleasure of reciprocally promoting each other's happiness.

No time was lost in commencing the operations; Richard Graham removed within the time specified, and they took possession of the manor-house till their own should be finished; while Charles, assisted by the advice of his father, began his improvements, both useful and ornamental, upon the estate.

Dan and Oscar had now removed to Balmaron; the former persisting in attaching himself to our hero, with the same assiduity as before, and the latter evincing no less humble fidelity to Mr. Graham.

The declining state of Mr. Angus's health afforded Charles frequent opportunities of riding down to Glenthorn; and as Beechwood was in the vicinity, it is not to be supposed that he would fail in his

duty to his friend colonel Melville, although it was obvious that he rather preferred the company of the ladies.

Preliminaries of peace had now been entered into between Great Britain and America; our hero therefore resigned his commission with unsullied honour; and when he next visited colonel Melville, it was no longer as an inferior officer, but as a private country gentleman, and his intimate friend. It were needless to repeat what will so readily be anticipated, of the increasing intimacy between our hero and his fair Emma. The attachment had long been reciprocal; and, for a considerable time, a mutual good understanding had subsisted between them; and the lovers had waited with anxious hope for such a revolution in the fortunes of Charles as would not render an avowal of his passion to his friend, colonel Melville, injudicious or prejudicial to the fruition of their hopes. That period was now arrived, and Charles sought an opportunity of stating his wishes to the colonel; yet when he was to speak

upon the subject, his diffidence so overpowered him, that he would have again mounted the rampart where he made his *début* at Bunker's Hill, rather than make the declaration; however, he succeeded in expressing his meaning in a broken language, which exhibited a very unfavourable specimen of his rhetoric, though it was an evident proof of his feeling.

Colonel Melville had not been blind to the mutual attachment of the parties, and was therefore prepared for what he now heard, to which he most frankly replied—"You have long since deserved Emma's affection, and I have only to say, 'win her and wear her.' This is an answer to your application, which, I observe, has been so oppressive to your delicacy; but the friendship which has so long subsisted between us prompts me to say, that I bestow my daughter upon you with the most sincere pleasure, and the fullest confidence that the union will be productive of mutual happiness."

If we have recorded little that passed

between Charles and Emma, in what may be termed the language of love, it is by no means to be from thence inferred, that the passion of Charles was less ardent, or that the gentle Emma was just ready to leap into his arms at the first intimation of his wishes. Although she had a sufficient share of that virgin modesty which would not 'unsought be won,' there was not one grain of coquetry in her composition; there was therefore so much of sincerity in the courtship of this couple, as would render the recital mawkish and uninteresting, although quite the contrary to the parties concerned; and truth compels us to state, that Charles openly declared, and Emma secretly felt, that every day seemed of immeasurable length, which prevented the consummation of their felicity, arrangements for which were now making with all possible dispatch.

But whatever solicitude Charles felt and evinced for the accomplishment of an union, the dearest object of his heart, he was not unmindful of his other duties; and

determined that Dan should be no longer a servant, consulted with his father concerning the best method of rewarding the fidelity, and promoting the happiness of this humble friend.

As Dan had been bred a ploughman, a small farm seemed the most eligible, and an early opportunity was taken of talking with Dan upon the subject. This proposal called up to the poor fellow's recollection the similar offer made to him long before by colonel Melville, which awakened a chain of ideas in his mind, too powerful for his feelings.

When he had so far recovered himself as to venture upon speech, he said—" My dear maister, I canna enough thank you for a' your goodness, an' for your kind intentions in the proposal you've now made; but I'll just keep as I am. I wadna be sae happy; indeed I wad be miserable in ony ither station."

" No, Dan, that must not be; I cannot, in justice to you, permit you to be longer my servant."

"Aweel, then, sir, I maun just tak' the red coat again."

"Dan, you will make me angry with you. Why can you talk so foolishly, when you can be settled so comfortably?"

"Oh, your honour kens my comfort's gane. What wad I do wi' a farm? Nane to care for, an' as few to care for me. Had she been to the fore that's awa', it wad ha'e made a' the odds i' the warld; but that's past, an' it's my duty to submit; but were I to tak' a farm, a' thing about it, frae mornin' to e'enin', wad mind me o' Susie; an' my heart couldna stand it."

"But, Dan, although I certainly thought very highly of Susan Tait, yet there are, beyond a doubt, women to be found worthy of your affections, and who would make you happy. I will place you in a respectable situation, which will enable you to offer your hand to one above the mere vulgar, and whose company will promote your happiness."

"Na, na, sir, there's no ane that ever put a mutch upon her head wha can fill

the blank that Susie Tait's death made in my heart, whilk, for her sake, sall now gang widowed to the grave; an' were I but sure whare her dust lies, I wad gang to ony airt, or ony distance, that I mith sleep aneath the same turf, or lay my banes beside her. Sae, my dear maister, if ye dinna want to wring my heart, I beg that ye'll never speak of anither to me."

"But there is no certainty that she is dead; indeed I still entertain the hope that she is yet alive."

"Oh, sir, it canna be; it's now seven lang years since she was tint; an' she'll never mair be heard of in this warld; but I'll yet see her, whan the grave gi'es up its dead."

"Well, Dan, to be plain, I have more than hope, I have good reason for believing that she is still alive. Your friend colonel Melville, and I, are making the necessary inquiries concerning her, and I think you may yet expect to see Susan Tait restored to her friends in good health."

Dan's colour went and came; his eyes

glistened, his heart palpitated, and he exclaimed—" Oh, my honoured an' honourable maister, I'm sure you wadna mock me; an' ye ken mair about her than ye've tald me. Whare is she?—say that she's livin', an' aboon the yird, an' I'll gang till I find her."

" I am sorry that I cannot afford you all the information I could wish on this most interesting subject; but I assure you, that I firmly believe she is alive and well. She is not in Scotland, and perhaps it depends upon you, whether she will ever again return to her country. Say that you take the farm, and if you do not see her in twelve months after your entry, you shall be at liberty to resign it back to me, if such shall then be your inclination."

The hope of meeting Susan, and of her seeing him a respectable farmer, soon fixed his determination; and he, with much gratitude, and a greater degree of cheerfulness than he had for a long while exhibited, acceded to his kind friend's proposal. Most opportunely, a farm of about an

hundred acres was occupied by a widow; the lease was within one year of being expired; Charles purchased it of her for a trifle, and Dan was put in immediate possession. Some superfluous stock at Balmaron was transferred to the farm of Denbrae; and Dan soon found himself in the way of being a rich and respectable farmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham had proposed to Charles to delay his marriage till their cottage should be ready, that he and Emma might have full possession of the mansion of Balmaron. But the impatient lover replied, that as the house afforded ample accommodation for them all, he could not think of longer procrastinating his happiness. Arrangements were therefore made for the union of this fond and faithful pair. The baronet already mentioned had most pertinaciously teased Emma with his suit, endeavouring to dazzle her eyes, and work upon her vanity, by the splendour of a title and most liberal settlements; but the heart of Emma was not to be thus moved; the flattering sound of "my lady" could

not for a moment shake her attachment; and she preferred being the wife of a plain country squire, with the humble and hackned appellation of Mrs.; but with the appendage of "Graham," it left not a wish of her heart ungratified.

The auspicious day arrived; and we might here expatiate, at considerable length, in describing the beauty and modest blushes of the bride; the richness of her dress, from the Brussels lace cap to the Morocco slipper; then would follow that of the bridegroom, with the elegance of his new carriage, the splendour of the harness, and the richness of his new liveries. But as we could not, without widely deviating from truth, present our readers with any description that would not fall infinitely short of what may be found in the pages of the Morning Post, when recording birthday fetes, and drawing-room exhibitions, we prudently forbear, that we may not provoke invidious comparisons. But in justice to our amiable pair, it may be stated, that their highest hopes

and brightest visions were realized; and their subsequent felicity was all that the happiest couple ever experienced in Hymen's silken chain, and almost equal to that which romantic lovers, who forget that they are subject to human infirmities, so fondly anticipate.

If any earthly circumstance could have promoted the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Angus, it was that which had now taken place; but he felt the fullest conviction that his health was irrecoverable, and death not far distant. Ellen was also perfectly aware of his situation; still both enjoyed this happy union, as the accomplishment of their fondest wishes, in a manner more felicitous than they had till lately dared to anticipate.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Angus could contemplate a separation from his affectionate and beloved Ellen, without emotion, especially when he thought upon her being so much more dependent than he once expected; still he had the consoling conviction, that she would not

be left friendless, or without protectors. To Ellen the consummation of bliss which had taken place at Balmaron, came at a most seasonable period, as a sedative to the conjugal anxiety which now oppressed her mind.

At the earnest and repeated solicitations of Charles and Emma, Mr. and Mrs. Angus had been prevailed upon to make a visit at Balmaron. Ellen urged her husband to undertake the jaunt, still indulging a faint hope, that change of scene, and the interest which he would feel in witnessing the happiness of their *protégé*, would have a salutary effect in cheering his mind. Charles and he rode and walked over the estate, accompanied occasionally by Mr. Graham—Charles paying his friend the compliment of consulting him about his projected improvements.

One day, as they were out alone, and had been talking much of the past, Mr. Angus said—" My dear Charles, most sincerely do I thank Heaven for having spared me to see this day, in which I have the happi-

ness of beholding you blessed with wealth; having a name and distinction among men; enjoying the affections of worthy and fond parents; and united to the object of your first love. This indeed is to me a rich reward for all the anxiety which I ever felt concerning you. Most fully convinced that I shall not long live to participate in your felicity, it adds not a little to my present tranquillity, that, by the kindness of your father, he will be my only creditor; and I have now only one request to prefer to you, which, I believe, is unnecessary, unless your heart change; when I die—do not forget—do not forsake—your mother—my Ellen!"

He spoke with much emotion, and his voice betrayed the sensibility of his heart; Charles took the hand of his friend, pressed it between his, and most tenderly said —"My dear father, I hope you will be long spared together; but let your heart rest in peace respecting her—I can never forget her love—never cease to remember

—that she is my mother! and should it be the will of Heaven that you are taken from her, in as far as Emma's love and mine can be a compensation for the loss of an affectionate husband, while we live we will endeavour to promote her happiness."

Emma had, with not less tenderness, been soothing the dejection of Ellen, who, although possessed of a most cheerful disposition, now that she contemplated the death of her husband as an event most probably not far distant, could not disguise her depression of spirits.

When Charles and Mr. Angus came in, they found the ladies alone.—" Come away," cried Emma; " we want you both, to ratify and witness an agreement just now entered into between my dear mother here and me."

" I consent to and confirm, unheard, whatever engagement my Emma may have made," said Charles.

" And I do the same, on the part of my Ellen," said Mr. Angus.

"Well then," replied Emma, "although I fondly hope that our dear friends here, whom our hearts shall ever hold as parents, will long live, blessing and blessed in each other, yet, as according to the ordinary course of human life, we may expect to survive them, my kind mother here has engaged, that, in the event of either her death or that of her husband, the survivor shall immediately remove to, and continue to reside at Balmaron, by occupying that house and garden called the Park, which your grandfather built for his factor. Such is our agreement: what say our liege lords?"

"Agreed!" cried each; for both were delighted with Emma's scheme; and according to the good old custom of ratifying a bargain, the quartetto shook hands, while their emotions precluded any verbal expression of their feelings.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus, in a few days, took their departure for Glenthorn; but, contrary to the hopes indulged by Ellen,

her husband had been in no degree relieved by the journey. His disease now made rapid progress, and in a few weeks his spirit passed "that bourne, from whence no traveller returns."

An express was instantly dispatched to Balmaron, when Mr. Graham and Charles hastened to Glenthorn, that they might discharge the last duties to the remains of him to whom they were both under such obligations.

Passing some time at Beechwood after the funeral, colonel Melville accompanied them to Glenthorn, to join several friends and relations, who had met to consult about Mrs. Angus's affairs. At this meeting, she expressed her wish to resign the lease of Glenthorn to colonel Melville, and to remove to her friends at Balmaron as soon as practicable, that she might enjoy the society of her beloved *protégé* and his amiable partner, as the best consolation which the world was now capable of affording her. An inventory had been taken, from which it appeared, that, by

the sale of the farm-stock, after discharging rent and other claims, there would remain a surplus of about one thousand pounds, which her friends engaged to lay out, upon security, at five per cent. Charles then produced a deed, previously prepared, securing to her an annuity of one hundred pounds for life. When she objected to this, as being far beyond what she could have occasion for, Charles desired her to recollect, that she was his mother; adding, that she had ever delighted in doing good, and that he should be acting most unkindly towards her, and ungratefully to Providence, were he not to put it still in her power to continue the exercise of that benevolence, to which he was indebted for every blessing that made life valuable; and he entreated that she would freely enjoy the comforts of life, expending her income in the way most agreeable to her own inclinations. Before parting, colonel Melville undertook to send Ellen, under safe escort, to Balmaron.

While in the neighbourhood, Charles wished to see his old friend, James Roy; and believing that it might be of future advantage to James, contrived to have colonel Melville present at the interview. The dark brows of the misanthrope were unbent, and the rigid muscles of his iron features relaxed into something which bore a faint resemblance to a smile. While our hero warmly shook his hand, endeavouring to soften his deep sonorous voice, he exclaimed—" Oh, sir, you have a heart which wealth cannot contaminate, and feelings, which intestine, unjust, and unnatural war has failed to indurate. I understand you are married, and have heard that your lady is worthy of you. I might wish you joy, and I believe you would give me credit for my sincerity; but as I am not convinced that any wish of mine could either promote or retard your happiness, accept of my assurance, that I shall always rejoice in your felicity."

Colonel Melville seemed surprised at

the style and manner of James, whom he had never before seen, which Charles observing, said—" My dear sir, permit me to introduce to you my early friend, James Roy, and to express my hope, that, upon acquaintance, you will find him worthy of your kindness."

The colonel then requested James to call upon him at Beechwood; when Charles again took his withered fist, leaving a token of remembrance in his hand, while the misanthrope made his best bow, and " stately strode away."

After his departure, Charles related some particulars of his history; speaking highly of his abilities, independence of mind, and integrity of conduct; mentioning also his eccentricities and indigence; and concluded by recommending him to the hospitality of Beechwood, in lieu of that which he had lost at Glenthorn. This slight effort of a generous mind was easily performed, and attended with beneficial effects to its object; for James came to be a pensioner upon the establishment at

Beechwood, which added to the comforts of his latter days, and enabled him to meet, with more composure, the united attacks of indolence and old age.

CHAPTER XI.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart? SHAKESPEARE.

. . . . . .

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign. GOLDSMITH.

The Horrors of Despair, and the Delights of Virtue.

MR. and Mrs. Graham had now got possession of their cottage; Mrs. Angus had for some time resided at the Park, where every thing possible had been done to promote her comfort and convenience. She had a neat and well-stocked garden, with excellent pasture for a cow, and a maid-servant had accompanied her from

Glenthorn. It was only a short and pleasant walk to Balmaron House, and also to the cottage, at both of which she was always considered a dear and intimate friend; and it would have been difficult to have found a happier trio than Amelia, Emma, and Ellen.

At the mutual request of Charles and Emma, Ellen now wrote to Susan Tait, informing her of the changes that had taken place, and warmly inviting Susan to join her as a companion at the Park. The principal object in view here, was the hope of Dan's faithful and incurable attachment being at last duly rewarded. Ellen's letter was accompanied by one from Emma, expressing an earnest wish to see, and have it in her power to be the friend of one who had saved the life of her husband.

Susan hesitated about the propriety of accepting this invitation, although conscious of the purity of her heart, and the rectitude of her intentions, in the romantic enterprise in which she had been en-

gaged; yet she now felt and deplored her deviation from female decorum, and a blush kindled upon her cheek, when she thought of seeing any one acquainted with her history. She was therefore inclined rather to continue where she was, entirely unknown, than to have her feelings wounded by returning to her friends. This she stated in her reply to Mrs. Angus, who, in a second letter, assured her, that except to Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Charles, Emma, colonel Melville, and herself, the story was unknown; and that they were all too deeply interested in her happiness, to wound her feelings by its publicity.

By some further correspondence, and a repetition of the invitation from Emma, Susan was persuaded to visit Balmaron. When she arrived at the Park, so many ideas crowded upon her mind, that she sunk almost lifeless in the arms of Ellen; and when she raised her head, her cheek was suffused with crimson blushes, and tears swam in her eyes; but she was in

the hands of a skilful confessor and gentle friend, who could administer balm to the wounds of either body or mind, with an address which was generally half the cure.

Susan's appearance was now considerably altered; perhaps some would have thought it improved. The fine bloom of early youth was fled. The romantic adventure in which she had been engaged, had given her an air of melancholy, which rendered her fine features still more expressive and interesting. The society in which she had been placed, during her residence in London, had given an additional polish to her former accomplishments and ease of manner; she appeared now to much advantage, dressed in mourning, which added to her chaste and matronly mien and deportment.

Next morning Ellen sent a card to Emma, announcing the arrival of the stranger. It will be easier to imagine, than it would be to describe, the sensations of the parties at their first interview; but the open, frank sincerity of Emma's manner,

and the guileless and unsuspicious purity of her heart, with the modest and dignified manners of Susan, soon enabled them to see each other without embarrassment.

After a residence of some days, Mrs. Angus related to her guest the inviolable attachment of Dan, and the conditions upon which he had accepted the farm, as they had been communicated to her by Charles. Susan was no stranger to Dan's passion; for the tender tale poured into the ready ear of John Brown, had not been without its effect upon the heart of Susan Tait, who now resolved that he should be made acquainted with her whole history, as soon as a fair opportunity offered. She had not yet seen Charles; and when Emma and Ellen proposed that he should meet her, she begged that it might not yet be.

Without informing Susan, Ellen dispatched a note to Dan, requesting to see him that evening, he being yet ignorant of Susan's arrival.

Dan, although now a farmer, always

felt upon his mind the same impressions of duty both to Charles and Mrs. Angus which he had done when a servant at Glenthorn, and believing that Ellen now wished to employ him in some way that he could be useful to her, he therefore prepared to obey the mandate.

In the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Angus mentioned to her guest that she expected a call from Dan Norval in the evening, requesting of her to receive him as a friend highly esteemed at Balmaron.

A blush kindled upon Susan's cheek, and she merely said, she hoped her civility should not be wanting to any visitor at the Park.

Upon Dan's arrival, he was introduced into the parlour, when, after being seated, Mrs. Angus said—"This lady is a friend of mine, with whom I must endeavour to make you acquainted."

Susan's veil had on purpose been let down, so as to shade her face; she now threw it up, saying—"How do you do, Mr. Norval?"

Dan, naturally modest, had not raised his eyes to her countenance, till startled by the sound of her voice, he suddenly looked up. Susan met his glance with a modest smile. He moved hastily forward, appearing as if to clasp her in his arms; but suddenly stopping, as if conscious of presumption, he crossed one hand over his breast, and raising the other, in a most fervent and devout tone said—"Thanks to God! he has heard my prayers. You are weel, an' I've lived to see you ance mair!"

He looked as if wishing to offer his hand; but the dignity of her appearance for some time prevented him; till again seeing a gentle smile dimple her cheek, he took her hand, which he continued to hold, looking as if he would devour it; but without venturing to open his mouth, although his eyes "spoke unutterable things."

Mrs. Angus was cheerful; Susan endeavoured to be easy, but it was an ef-

fort; and Dan never felt his tongue equally fettered.

The passion which had so long reigned paramount in his breast, was now almost beyond his control; and while he pressed her hand, his pulse throbbed, his heart fluttered, and his head swam in a delirium of delight, till some thought seemed to shoot across his brain—his eyes fell—he dropped her hand, and sunk in silence upon a chair.

Susan saw the change in his feelings; but unable to conjecture what was passing in his mind, she also felt a slight degree of embarrassment. The fact was, that Dan believed that she was married, and the thought was agony; had he loved less, it would have been easy to have asked the question; but of this Dan was incapable, his diffidence and dejection increasing every moment; and had any thing been wanting to convince Susan of his affection, nothing could have been better calculated to produce that effect

than the present exhibition of his feelings. After a considerable effort to recover his composure, he mustered up courage to say, in a faltering voice—"Ye've been lang awa' frae a' your friends. I hope you are to bide wi' us now."

"I shall be here for some time, Dan," replied she.

"Oh, thank you, Susie, for that frank word, *Dan*; it's liker an auld friend than the cauld *Mr. Norval*, whilk half freezed my blood whan I came in."

"I hope I shall never forget, or behave unkindly, to any of my old friends, of whom I believe I have several here."

"I'm sure you hae; an maybe mair than ye think o'."

Mrs. Angus, willing to relieve both from their present embarrassment, said—"We shall have much to talk of; many old stories, and some new, at our next meeting, which must be soon."

A glass of wine afforded Dan another opportunity for enjoying the supreme felicity of taking Susan's hand, which pro-

duced such a paroxysm in his veins, that he could not for some time articulate a word, but continued to hold the glass, gazing on her face; at last he succeeded in saying—" May you be as weel an' as happy as I wish you!"

He soon after departed, passing a sleepless night, alternately elevated by hope and depressed by fear, neither of which could expel the sentiment of gratitude which he felt towards Heaven, for Susan's reappearance.

When Mrs. Angus mentioned the obvious attachment of Dan, Susan replied—" He is yet ignorant of my eventful history; see what effect that will have upon his mind. Of his love I have had satisfactory evidence, in a way where it was impossible to doubt of his sincerity."

Charles was soon informed of this meeting, and next day procured an interview with Dan, relating, to his great astonishment, Susan's history during her absence.

Dan had interrupted the narrative with many exclamations; and when Charles

ceased to speak, cried—" Od, I wonder what could be in my een, for my lugs minded me o' Susie Tait ilka time that John Brown spoke! She's a wonderfu' lassie! an' if it were possible, I like her better, and think mair o' her, than ever I did, for she behaved like a saint in the synagogue of Satan."

" Well then, I presume you still wish to make her your wife?"

" Mair earnestly than ever I did; but I'm feared she'll refuse me; yet there's ae comfort—she kens my mind, for I tald it a', ilka fit an' fur o't, to John Brown; but *faint heart never wan fair lady*; I maun just try to *set the best fit foremost*, for I find life wad be nae compliment without her."

In a day or two Dan called at the Park, when Mrs. Angus, taking an opportunity of retiring, left the couple by themselves. After conversing for some time, Susan said—" Well, how did you like a military life?"

" It was just like ither things; I was

obliged to take the sour wi' the sweet; an' I had nae want o' baith; but I had a kind an' worthy maister, an' a dear companion."

"I should have thought you would have had some difficulty in finding a companion to your liking; soldiers are, in general, rather wilder than you were; but no doubt there are exceptions."

"Ay; an' my neebour John Brown was an exception indeed; his conduct wad hae done credit to the chaplain of the regiment; they tell me he was killed soon after I was made a prisoner. Poor man! I trusted him wi' tales that never ane heard but himsel'; an' after a' I didna ken the hunder part o' his worth till no lang syne!"

"And you regret the death of your comrade Brown?"

"I'll no do't now, if you'll hear me as tenderly, an' speak as kindly, as he did. But what need us gang about the buss, Susie? I ken a' your story, frae beginning to end—I ken what took you awa', an' I was a witness to how you behaved.

Ye heard the state o' my mind ayont the muckle dub; an' it's no altered yet, except, an' it were possible, I like you better the day than ever I did in my life. Yes, ilka thing I see or hear of you makes you dearer to me than before."

"You must now either be flattering, or you have no respect for female delicacy; it is not possible that my having been a a soldier can render me dearer to you as a woman."

"Indeed it does, Susie, whan I take your motives into account. Didna Mr. Melville first save your life, an' after that what I believe you still esteem beyond it? Could you do o'er muckle for that man? Or was it ony wonder altho' ye liket him? He never did the tenth part o' that for me, an' yet you saw that I e'en left you for his sake. I saw what your conduct was in America; an' ye need nae mair but to mind how I liked John Brown, to lat your mind be easy about my opinion concerning your behaviour."

"There is no comparison to be made

between the conduct of a man in any station, and that of a woman, who, laying aside all prudence and decorum, steps entirely out of the place designed for her by nature."

"I've answered a' that already; but waes my heart! I've never speered; but you are maybe married lang syne!"

"No, I am not married; and it is most probable never will."

"Oh dinna say that, unless you mean to break my heart. I ken weel that you deserve far better than me; an' that I've little to recommend me, except an honest ae fauld heart. Its surely needless to tell you again, that life, an' a' the warld into the bargain, wad hae nae value to me without you; an' you surely canna hae less pity upo' me now, than John Brown had; for I mind weel o' the tears happin down his cheeks whan I was telling my sorrowfu' tale in his lug."

"It would be gross affectation not to believe the sincerity of your regard for me; and it would be most ungenerous on

my part, not to be equally candid and sincere. Although I were fully inclined to marry, I have considerable doubts whether in strict justice to myself, and to him who might select me as his partner, it would be prudent. Although I know my heart and conduct to be uncontaminated, yet I feel that I have been very imprudent. I have, to outward appearance, thrown aside that modesty which is the characteristic ornament of my sex; and I am now convinced, that no motive ought to have so far influenced me, or made me so far take leave of prudence, as to encounter the hazards to which I have exposed myself. And the woman who has allowed any passion, no matter what, to lead her to the army, and induce her to live there for years, as a common soldier, cannot expect to convince the world that the passion which could effect this was pure, or that she has returned unsullied and spotless; and should she ever become the wife of a man who truly and fondly loves her, ought she not to fear,

that it will haunt his recollection, that she not only loved another, but gave such a proof of her passion, as set prudence and decorum at defiance; and would not this be sufficient to ruin the happiness of both for ever? Such are the considerations which would deter me from marriage, and the more dearly that I loved, so much the stronger would be their influence."

"I dinna value the opinion o' the warld a strae, except in sae far as it may affect your happiness; but your secret is kent only to your friends an' mine; an' I'm sure ane an' a' of them will approve highly of our marriage. Respectin' my ain opinion about you liking anither, ye've heard that already, an' Heaven forbid that ever I should think less of you for your love to Mr. Melville! for an' I had been a woman, I wad hae done as muckle, maybe with less discretion."

"Yes, I did love him fervently; but even then I should have loathed—I should have abhorred myself, had I indulged a thought which angels might not have

avowed. Before I left Glenthorn I knew of his love for Emma, and strange as it may appear, I would have done every thing possible to promote it. I knew that mine would never be returned, but it appeared the more dignified, the more worthy of me upon that account: but I have spoken too much of myself, far more than I intended; let us change the subject."

"We maunna change that, for it's the ane nearest to my heart; only gi'e me the satisfaction of promising to consider what I've said, an' mind that my happiness is in your hands."

Mrs. Angus entered before Susan had time to reply; and as she did not again leave the room, Dan soon after took his departure.

While Dan is persevering in his suit, we may take the opportunity of mentioning some particulars concerning the other characters who have figured in our drama; and among these, Richard Graham holds

a conspicuous place. This gentleman, with more calmness than might have been expected, had made the necessary arrangements for removing from Balmaron, and took his departure, intending to retire to some part of England where he was unknown; but the shock which recent events had given to his feelings began now to influence both his health and mind, in such a degree, that it was found necessary to stop in Edinburgh; he had been there for several weeks, without having ever ventured out; when, one fine day, he was prevailed with to take a walk, on the arm of his son, and attended by his servant: they had just entered the Meadows from George's-square, when they were met by a negro, who, staring broadly upon Mr. Graham's countenance, his eyes flashing fire, and every drop of tropical blood boiling in his veins, "grinned horrible, a ghastly smile," and clenching his sooty-coloured fist, shook it in Mr. Graham's face, crying—"Aha, massa Grim! who stole littel Pompey from his moder! you

going to divel for dat now—he flogee—flogee, massa Grim; ees, he flogee for eber and eber. Aha! we see you skip to de lash! Mind Pompey tell you dis, massa Grim!" and, with a fiend-like grin, followed by a laugh of most triumphant insult, he again cried—" I go, massa Grim, to send de divel just now!" and clapping his hands, he darted away. Had he tarried to witness the effects of his attack, his revenge would have been amply satisfied. Graham, in spite of all the efforts of his son, sunk upon the path, exclaiming—" Oh, the dreadful hour is come! Save me!—oh, save me from them!—but no! it is impossible! man cannot save me!—I have denied God, and he will not hear me!—oh!"

The servant was dispatched for a coach, while Mr. Sinclair, seating his father on the side of the path, endeavoured to hush his despairing blasphemies, which were attracting the passengers, whose wondering gaze served to augment his agony. He

was conducted home, and put to bed; physicians were called; but they could not "minister to a mind diseased." He continued to rave almost incessantly, crying out—"Fool! idiot! I have sold my soul for gold; and now these wretched Africans are pouring it, in melted red-hot streams, down my throat! Oh, it boils—it burns within me!—O—h!"

He was soon in a high fever; and his medical attendants gave no hope of his recovery. On the seventh day, he appeared to have a lucid interval, and said to Mr. Sinclair—"Oh, my son, this is dreadful! the hour is near; and then I was to have made my will; but it cannot now be! but if you wish to live in comfort, and die in peace, touch not a penny beyond what you have got—that is pure—spotless. But the rest—oh, it is the price of blood!—ay, human blood! and it will have vengeance. Yes, there they come in legions—there!—I told you so—now! Oh, they have me! hold me—save me!—Oh, will you not? Oh, it cannot be!—now they drag me

down to ———!" and with these horrid sounds upon his lips, he expired in strong convulsions. Mr. Sinclair had him privately buried; and leaving Edinburgh, made a short visit to his friends at Balmaron.

Mr. Sinclair had been employed by his father, as the agent in settling every thing between him and Mr. Graham, previous to his quitting Balmaron; and it was through the hands of his son, that Richard transmitted upwards of fourteen thousand pounds, as the rents that he had drawn for Balmaron. When this was paid over to Mr. Graham, he said—" Mr. Sinclair, your father's fortune is polluted; it is the accursed thing, which you are prohibited from touching—take this; it will suffice to keep you and your Eliza comfortable."

Mr. Sinclair started, saying—" Indeed, sir, I cannot accept a sum like this; it is the fortune of my friend here!"

" No; he comes into the possession of an estate clear and unincumbered; I have also a competency to leave him; therefore

say not a word, but accept this as a mark of our esteem."

Sinclair was forced to submit in the mean time; but being a fellow of a noble and generous spirit, he made up his mind how he would act with Mr. Graham's most liberal donation.

In the course of settling these transactions, several books and papers had to be put into the hands of Mr. Graham and Charles for perusal; among these was a handwriting, which instantly struck Charles as one that he had before seen; and after pausing for a moment, he recollected it to be that of his mysterious friend, the Dublin merchant.

"Do you know this hand? and can you tell me any thing of the writer?" inquired Charles of Mr. Sinclair.

"Yes," replied Sinclair; "the writer of that paper was a Mr. Smith; he had been long connected with my father, to whom he was indebted for a large sum that he had lost in business. My father thus having him in his toils, employed him in

many things at which I believe the manly soul of Smith revolted; thus far I learned from himself, before I went to America. Since my return, having occasion to mention his name to an acquaintance, I heard, with much concern, that soon after our sailing for the new world, my father, suspecting Smith of having thwarted some of his infamous designs, by revealing the secret plot which had been formed, they had a violent quarrel, the result of which was, that my unfeeling father laid him in prison, where, after lingering for more than two years, in sickness, indigence, and wretchedness, Death, the last friend of the helpless, put an end to his misery."

"Alas! all this, I have no doubt, he suffered upon my account. He was the man who warned me of Richard Graham's designs upon my life. It was his note to captain Gordon that saved me from being transported to Africa; and for this doubtless he incurred your father's vengeance. But say, do you know whether he has left any family?"

"His faithful and devoted wife continued with him in prison, during the whole period of his confinement; and, I believe, is now pining in bad health, obscurity, and indigence; they had no children."

"She must be relieved—provided for, and that instantly," cried Charles, much affected; "can you—nay you must assist me in tracing her out; this I owe to her as an act of justice."

"I hope the friend who communicated these particulars to me can also render me this service."

"I beg you then to write to him instantly; here is a note for twenty pounds, enclose that for her immediate use; and get her name and address for me, with the least possible delay."

"There is no occasion for sending the money; my friend will, at my request, advance what may be necessary; and I shall write so as to interest both his head and heart in the business."

A reply was soon received, with the ne-

cessary information; when Charles, with the hearty approbation of his father, settled an annuity upon the helpless widow, sufficient to keep her comfortable for life, remitting the first year in advance.

Mr. Sinclair having spent a short time with his friends, hastened home to his Eliza; and having now a respectable competency, resigned his lieutenancy, resolving to enjoy the sweets of domestic felicity in the bosom of his family, as a compensation for their early sorrows.

Barbara Gray, who had been an active agent in the fate of our hero, had, by the directions of Amelia, been placed in comfortable lodgings at Creiff; but her health was rapidly decaying, and she had sunk into mental imbecility; from which she would, however, sometimes awake, to utter strange things; but these were short and transient fits, and seemed like the cold face of the waning moon, when she is for a moment seen, from the breakings of the dense and murky clouds that shade the midnight sky. The hour of her de-

parture drew near; and she seemed to have recovered the use of her reason, expressing a deep sense of her guilt, most humbly imploring pardon, and most sincerely forgiving all those who had been the means of leading her astray. Thus, after a life of bodily and mental suffering, produced by the crimes of her youth, she died in premature old age, to all appearance a humble and sincere penitent. Her son, the serjeant, having been presented with a commission by Mr. Graham, was soon after enabled to purchase a lieutenancy. In the early part of the war with France, he distinguished himself by several gallant actions, and soon acquired the rank of captain: being severely wounded at the Helder, he was permitted to retire upon half-pay, and returned to Creiff, where he lives cheaply and comfortably, making occasional visits to Balmaron, where he and Charles talk of the times that are past, and "fight all their battles o'er again."

Amelia had kept up a correspondence with Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, as also with

her worthy friends at Barnet, during their lives; but both had now paid the debt of nature; and their daughter, Miss Clifton, was married to a respectable manufacturer in Manchester. Mr. and Mrs. Graham made a visit to Wakefield, that they might personally acknowledge their obligations to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan; from thence they proceeded to Manchester, to see Miss Clifton, now Mrs. Williams, whom they found happily married, and her husband in a thriving business. Before their de parture, Amelia, without wounding the delicacy of her friend, contrived to leave such tokens of her regard, as shewed that she had not yet forgotten her gentle bed-fellow at Barnet. After this, their farthest expedition was an annual visit to Beech-wood. When the approaches of old age rendered the charge of a school fatiguing for Mrs. Robinson, Amelia, by her liberality, enabled her to pass her last years in comfort and tranquillity.

Colonel Melville soon let the farm of Glenthorn at an advanced rent; and upon

his first visit to Balmaron, he informed Mrs. Angus of this, and that she might consider the surplus rent as an addition to her annuity, as she voluntarily resigned a lease which it was evident she could have sold to considerable advantage. Ellen wished to decline this, saying she had already more than she knew what to do with.

"Say not so, Ellen," cried the colonel; "you are, and have through life been, a downright usurer! you lay out your money to more advantage than any one that I know; for you have the blind and the lame, the widow and the orphan, for your debtors, and Heaven as security for the whole."

The colonel was never again called into actual service; but continued for many years to enjoy good health and domestic happiness at Beechwood; and living to see both Louisa and Anne united to the objects of their affections.

Although Mrs. Angus could never forget the loss of a husband whom she fondly

loved, and highly esteemed, yet the native cheerfulness of her disposition, with the kind and social intercourse of her friends, rendered the evening of her life not only tranquil, but pleasing. Benevolence had so long constituted her chief pleasure, that she would have felt it a dreadful privation to forego its exercise; for which she here found less scope than at Glenthorn; for Amelia, impelled by the sympathy of her heart, and gratitude to Heaven for the blessings which she now enjoyed, contributed largely to relieve the wants, and ameliorate the sufferings of those around her. Emma, too, had a kind and charitable heart, wishing to diffuse a portion of that felicity which she felt. By these means, Ellen was still enabled to remember the most necessitous of her old pensioners in the neighbourhood of Glenthorn, who raised their hands, invoking blessings upon her who, although removed to a distance, shewed that she would not forget them.

Ned Fergus had been placed upon half-

pay, at the ratification of peace. He had profited so much in his military career, by reflection and experience, that he was scarcely to be known for the same man. The meanness and pride of his parents disgusted him so much, that he saw very little company, devoting his time to reading and walking, for the improvement of his mind, and the preservation of his health. Deeply deploring his early conduct, particularly to Charles, he now sincerely rejoiced in his good fortune—"Although," said he, "it prevents my making those concessions which are justly due to him from me, and which my heart anxiously wishes to perform; but I am afraid that he might conceive them made to the laird of Balmaron, rather than to Charles Melville; but had he been placed as far below me in rank, as he has ever been beyond me in worth and goodness of heart, I would have travelled to the extremity of the kingdom, to see him and confess my errors."

This was reported to Charles, who found

an opportunity of meeting Fergus; a perfect reconciliation took place, and they became intimate friends.

Francis Fergus, esq. and J. P. died, and also "my lady;" Edward succeeded to the estate, and was as much beloved by his dependents, and respected among the country gentlemen around him, as his father had been hated and despised.

We left Dan Norval prosecuting a dubious suit with Susan Tait; after repeated visits to the Park, he believed that she was favourably disposed towards him; still she would not consent to their union, and could he have believed her capable of such female frailty, he would have accused her of caprice and coquetry. One afternoon she was waited upon by Dan, who informed her that he had come to take farewell.

"Pray where are you going?" said Susan.

"To my auld trade again!" replied Dan; "I canna bide here, an' it's far better that I fa' in the field o' battle, or die in an

unco' land, whare never ane will drop a tear upo' the sod that covers me, than to stay an' linger out a wearisome an' waefu' life here; whare, maybe, somebody might happen to sigh aboon my grave, whan I could nae langer hear't; an' I wadna wish ever to gi'e a sair heart to ony ane living, far less to them wha could think o' me after I'm awa."

"Well, Dan, I see your meaning perfectly—I have thought of your proposals with serious deliberation, and being fully convinced of your affectionate regard for me, shall make no farther objection to our union, provided you can comply with just one request."

"I'll comply wi' a hunder, dear Susie—tell me what it is!" cried Dan with joyful impatience.

"It is merely this—that we leave the estate of Balmaron, and remove to some other place at a distance."

Dan stared for a moment, mute with astonishment, and then cried—"Leave Balmaron! an' a' our best friends!—Od

that's a queer notion after a' to come into sic a sattled head as yours—Will you tell me your reason, Susie?"

"I can give you no reason, except that I will not stay here."

"Weel, tho' I wad ha'e thought that the hindmost thing that you wad ha'e ta'en in your head, an' tho' I think ye'll maybe rue it, yet, my dear Susie, that shanna sinder you an' me! I anes allowed friendship to get the better o' love, but it shall never be warld's gear that shall keep me frae your arms! Sae only say whare we shall gang, an' you shall find me ready to flit whan you like!"

"We must think deliberately about that—there is no occasion for rashness. And observe, Dan, if you feel the slightest reluctance in leaving your farm and friends, to be placed, most probably, in a much worse situation, I fully and freely release you from every engagement to me; and you shall be at perfect liberty to retract all that has ever passed between us, at

any time, while it remains unknown to the public."

"Speak na a word about that—naething but death shall now part you an' me—I'll plough, delve in a ditch, or do ony thing that's lawfu' to win your bannock an' mine, now that ye've gi'en me your heart; if ye can think o' changing your mind, an' staying here, I think it might be as weel for us baith; if your mind winna alter, it will make nae odds to me, an' you sall never hear o' Balmaron again."

Although Dan could form no rational conjecture about the cause of this strange resolution of Susan's, he continued steady to his purpose of ready compliance; and next morning waiting upon Charles, he with some difficulty introduced the subject, by saying—"Weel, my dear maister, it seems you an' I maun sinder at the lang-run."

"What means that, Dan? has Susan decidedly refused you? and are you to renounce all happiness for a woman?"

"Na, sir, no sae bad's that—but—she winna bide upo' the estate o' Balmaron! it's an odd notion sure enough—to fling hersel' out among a' her friends; but naething that I can say will ding it out o' her head. Now ye ken, sir, I left her anes for your sake, an' I'll aye bless the day that I did it; I hope you'll excuse my speaking o' 't just now! But you've nae use for me now—an' it's her turn neist. Ye ken, sir, *time about's fair play!*" said Dan, affecting a composure which he did not feel.

Charles was, for a few minutes, much surprised at this determination of Susan; but reflecting a little upon her refusal to see him, her motive became obvious; and although he could not approve of her resolution, which he determined to oppose, yet he highly applauded the delicacy and high sense of honour by which it was dictated.

Dismissing Dan, with the hope that this might be prevented, he hastened home, relating to Emma what he had

heard, at which she was as much vexed as her husband, although at no loss for the motive, the purity and delicacy of which raised Susan in her esteem, and made her resolve upon taking every means to prevent it.

"My dear Charles," said she, "this must not be! We are deeply indebted to both of them, and must not allow Susan to renounce so many of the comforts of life upon a point of delicacy, which, although most honourable to her heart and feelings, is, I maintain, quite unnecessary. We must convince them that we are not only grateful for the past, but are also able to comprehend and appreciate their present virtues. I must, without delay, see and talk with Susan."

After a long and interesting conversation with Susan, Emma prevailed upon her to see Charles; and in consequence of their joint importunities, she was persuaded to renounce her plan of removal, and consented to be goodwife of Denbrae. The wedding took place without delay,

Colonel Melville and his family contriving to visit Balmaron at the same time, that they might shew their respect for the bride and bridegroom. Emma presented Susan with her wedding dress, Amelia had the choosing of the ring, and her husband gave away the bride.

After supper, Louisa said—" This obstinate bridegroom has never given me an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him for the preservation of my life; convinced that the bride will take much interest in her dairy, I request her acceptance of this trifle, to purchase a couple of cows, of the best breed, as a pledge of my friendship," and she put a bank-note for one hundred pounds into the hands of the blushing Susan.

All present paid the pair sincere compliments, and several jokes were passed; but Dan was too happy to be loquacious, only remarking, in his proverbial way, that " *the farthest about road was sometimes the nearest way hame.*"

Susan and Dan lived rich in love, world-

ly wealth, and an increasing family; their first-born was named Charles, and the next Emma, at the request of her godmother. Every day added to their felicity, and Dan enjoyed his good fortune with cheerfulness and gratitude to Providence, observing, that "*they who thank God for brown bread and a hodden coat, may come to eat a white loaf, an' row their shouthers in a silk mantle.*"

Charles, now domesticated and established for life, became so much of a patriot, that he believed "his first, best country, ever *was* at home," and he spared no effort to make it still better; to effect this, he considered a residence upon his estate so essentially necessary, as almost to be a *sine qua non.*

In less than a year after their marriage, Emma presented him with a son, and in due time with a daughter.

When this was announced to Mr. Sinclair, he soon after sent the half of the money presented to him by Mr. Graham, requesting that it might be laid out as the

commencement of their infant daughter's portion; and expressing his trust, that as they had made him a gentleman, they would still consider him one, and not affront him by refusing his present.

Charles now felt that he had not only a name and rank in society, but also the delightful hope of its being continued to successive generations. He therefore formed a plan for the regulation of his affairs, from which he determined never to deviate. The dowry which he had received with Emma, he settled upon her exclusively, the interest being also at her free disposal. After accurately ascertaining his income, he set apart a certain proportion for family expenditure, including such claims as the common evils of life give to the poor and helpless; but as connected with this department of his expenditure, he set aside a certain sum annually, for the express purpose of assisting obscure merit, relieving unforeseen misfortune, or such similar claims upon his benevolence: if this sum was not expended according to

its original appropriation within the year, the same sum was added, and the whole allowed to accumulate, that more efficient assistance might be rendered in any exigency which might occur. A fixed sum was then set apart, as an accumulating fund for their children; after which, the surplus was applied to the improvement of his estate, by planting, and such other modes of cultivation as appeared most eligible.

Having submitted his plan to his father, Mr. Graham approved of it as judicious, remarking, at the same time, that too little was left for cultivation; but as no retrenchment could be made upon the other departments, he would give him a few thousands, to be laid out in the most necessary improvements.

The style of housekeeping adopted by Charles was hospitable, but not extravagant; his house was furnished in a style of elegant simplicity; and his company being select, was not numerous.

His occupation being now that of a gen-

tleman farmer, left him neither leisure nor inclination for expensive pleasures; and what he considered his business, afforded him both exercise and recreation.

He was soon personally acquainted with every tenant on his estate, and was every day more beloved by all of them; many of them looked up to him as a father, and all confided in him as a friend.

Emma's good sense pointed out to her that line of conduct most agreeable to her partner; and her innate amiableness of heart prompted to constant endeavours for promoting the happiness of all those within her sphere; hence she shared in the love and esteem so liberally and justly awarded to her husband; and from the rich farmer to the humble cottager, all ranks united in blessing the day that Charles and Emma came to reside at Balmaron.

Every year increased the felicity of this amiable couple; and, taught by experience, they lost no good opportunity of inculcating it as a maxim, that a firm re-

liance on Providence, and undeviating perseverance in the path of duty, will, sooner or later, meet a due reward.

THE END.

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